THE GOAL OF INDIA

W. E. S. HOLLAND

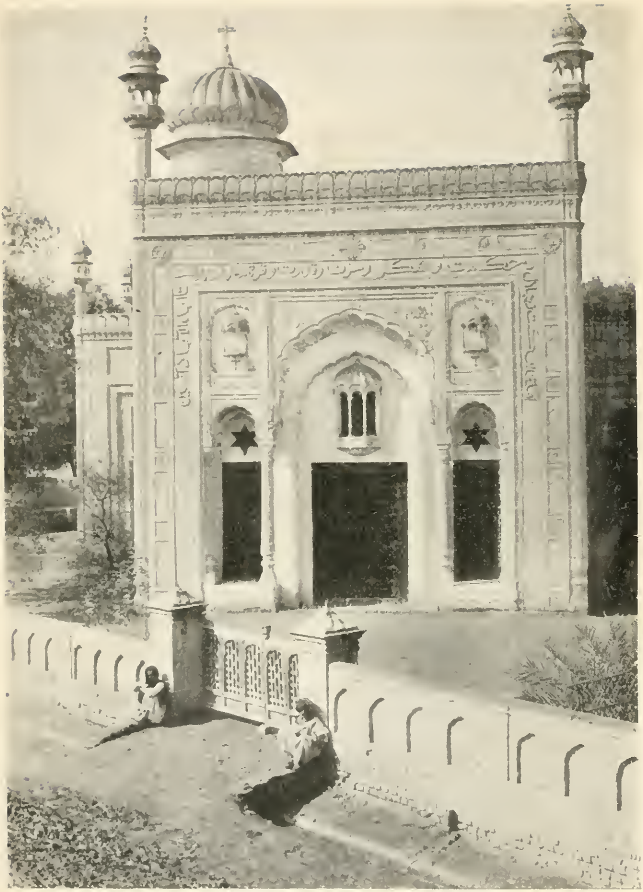


Photo by] MISSION CHURCH, PESHAWAR [*W. D. Holmes*

[*Frontispiece*

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GOAL OF INDIA

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PREFACE

This is not a book on India, but only on Hindu India. About a fifth of the population of India are by creed Musalmans, or followers of Muhammad. Yet Islam receives scarcely a reference in the chapters that follow ; and for two excellent reasons. The writer knows almost nothing of Islam at first hand. All his work has lain among Hindus. Moreover, even if exigencies of space and treatment did not inhibit the attempt, it would be all but impossible to combine into a single picture two systems so dissimilar in genius and history as Hindu and Muhammadan India. Moreover, there is reason for treating Hindu India as the really Indian India. Hinduism is the native product of the soil, the luxuriant expression of the Indian soil, unaffected by foreign influences. To understand India you must understand Hinduism. But you must also never forget Islam.

It should further be made clear that the writer's experience has lain almost exclusively amongst the educated classes, the literate aristocracy, so deeply affected by the thought and culture of the West. The writer has not spent a score of nights amid the villages, where nine-tenths of the population of India lives. And yet, again, his haunts have been in the Central and the Eastern North. The South and West are known only by flying visits. It should be added that Buddhist Burma and Ceylon are throughout excluded from the purview of this book.

A book like this offers little scope for originality. For the great mass of my facts I am dependent on the published works of recognised authorities. Almost at every point I have been under obligation to one or other of the works of Dr J. N. Farquhar. Hardly less constant has been my debt to the *Imperial Gazetteer* and to Professor Pratt, whose book *India and its Faiths* seems to me distinguished by a rare kindliness and poise of judgment. In addition, almost all the

books mentioned in the bibliographies attached to each chapter have given me material in regard to the special topics with which they deal, and are many of them quoted (within inverted commas but without further specific reference) in these chapters.

Though wholly inadequate as an expression of gratitude, it is a pleasure to acknowledge here the invaluable help I have received from friends, Indian and English; and in particular from my colleague Mr R. C. Das; from Mr C. F. Andrews, the Revs. M. C. Chakravarty, R. Gee, R. F. Pearce, E. L. Strong, E. W. Thompson, Mr J. Sircar, Sister Rhoda, Mrs E. T. Sandys, Mr G. S. Ingram, Mr Kuruvilla Zachariah, and the Bishops of Madras and Tinnevelly. Chapter IV. is evidence of the measure of my debt to the generous and delightful co-operation of Mrs Urquhart.

My duties have ended with the posting of the MSS. to England. All the laborious work connected with printing and publication has been discharged by friends at home, most of them unknown to me by name. I fancy my friend Mr Paton, who has had the arrangements in hand, has carried a heavier burden than he will ever let me know.

This book has been written by request; I may almost say, by order; at least by imperious demand from those I found it hard to resist. I should never have ventured on it of my own initiative. As the work has progressed, I have become only increasingly conscious of my unfitness for the task. I would that I could have written something worthier of the theme; for the theme at least stirs all my heart. To be allowed to write of India is rare honour. To seek to reveal to others something of the spell India has over my own soul, that they too may be moved to love and serve her, has been a task of pure delight. May He whose call opened to me the high privilege of serving this most lovable and loving people, deign to use these pages to call many to like service, that so India may receive through Christ that new life which alone can make her all she longs to be.

W. E. S. H.

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION

VOWEL SOUNDS

a	has the sound of	*a* in	*woman.*
ā	,,	,, *a* in	*father.*
e	,,	vowel-sound in	*grey.*
i	,,	sound of *i* in	*pin.*
ī	,,	,, *i* in	*police.*
o	,,	,, *o* in	*bone.*
u	,,	,, *u* in	*bull.*
ū	,,	,, *u* in	*flute.*
ai	,,	vowel-sound in	*mine.*
au	,,	,, in	*house.*

N.B.—When *a* comes at the end of an Indian word it practically loses its sound, e.g. *Veda* will sound like *Ved, Rāma* like *Rām.*

In all cases where the pronunciation is well known, words have been printed without the usual marks to show long vowels (e.g. *Hindu*, not *Hindū*, *Brahman*, rather than *Brāhman*). The word *Brahmā* (the Creator) will, however, always bear the mark of a long vowel on the second syllable to distinguish it from *Brahmă* (the One Absolute Being), which is printed *Brahma* throughout.

CONSONANTS

These have been given as nearly as possible their English equivalents without the use of special accents, e.g. *Siva* is spelt *Shiva.*

THE GOAL OF INDIA

CHAPTER I

THE SPELL OF INDIA

> "Not gold, nor land, nor human love I seek;
> Him who hath sought me, Him alone I seek."

INDIA is the spiritual mother of half mankind. That is her supreme significance. That is her meaning, her importance, her fascination for the world to-day. From her ancient Scriptures, the Vedas, have sprung not only Hinduism, but Buddhism also; and Buddhism, changed indeed from its founder's teaching, is still a powerful influence throughout the whole of China and Japan. The religious forces which have arisen within India are moulding the lives of perhaps half mankind. No book that sets out to unveil for other peoples the heart of India could put anything else than religion in the very forefront. Not to do so would throw the whole picture out of focus and perspective.

I. THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN INDIA.

In the first place, then, India is, before and beneath and beyond and above all else, religious. And the religion to which she has given birth is the

Hinduism of the Brahmans. Not that India is a land of one religion. Seventy millions of her inhabitants are Muhammadan. Fifty millions are animist. But Brahman Hinduism is the typical expression of the Indian spirit. And it is the dominant influence throughout the land except on its north-western frontier.

Religion in India is not a garment worn at certain times or by certain people. It is the framework and the warp of Indian life. A religious ceremony accompanies a man's conception, two more precede his birth, and so on down all the way of life and yearly for three generations after death. Piety has transformed into a religious ordinance, loaded with a lavishness of rite and ceremony, every act of daily life and every family event. A Hindu's morning ablutions, even the brushing of his teeth, are defined by religious rule and accompanied by a sacred versicle. Each meal begins with an oblation to the gods, a kind of grace. Every Indian home has its oratory, or at least its idol shelf, where is kept the row of images or sacred stones that do duty for divinity. Every day the Brahman must recite a sacred verse, called the Gāyatrī :

> " Let us meditate on that excellent
> Glory of the divine Vivifier ;
> May He illumine our understanding."

Religion, again, fixes his profession, or curtails its choice within very narrow limits. Religion rigidly prescribes those who may eat with him ; and no woman, not even his own wife, nor any member of any other caste, may enter that charmed

circle. The items of his diet, the fabric of his utensils, and his choice of servants are all religiously determined.

So with the rest of life. The aspect of the Brahman's house, its furniture, and the disposition of its rooms are similarly defined. So is the selection of his wife, and his relations with her. Only on certain days may he travel; he may not cross the ocean; and each new undertaking must have religious sanction.

But this iron yoke is not an irksome bondage, arbitrarily imposed, something irrational and out of gear with the rest of things. It is the natural expression of the Hindu view of life. For all life, and everything that is, each stick and stone, is of one piece with God's life and his own.

This explains why the Brahman can worship everything—his cooking utensils, a pipal tree, the Brahmini bull that struts along, made way for by every one else as though the pavements were meant for it alone, as well as that hideous pot-bellied image of the elephant-god. And it lets us understand his reverence for animal life, and his repulsion from the beef-eating Englishman. And this explains that which never loses the freshness of its charm in India; the friendliness of the bird and animal life all round you. They come about you as of the same great family of brothers, without any sign of fear; this bit of the spirit of St Francis is indigenous in India.

One cannot be in the country without feeling the spell of this all-embracing reverence, this sense that everything is divine. The myriads of shrines

dotted about in every street and hamlet and under the wayside tree, the 330 millions of godlets, one for every human inhabitant of the peninsula, with which India's religious fancy in a debauchery of riot has peopled the Unseen, is the perversion of a faculty that sees God everywhere. In her vehement repudiation of atheism, even when taught and practised with the persuasive sweetness of a Buddha, she has deified indiscriminately all manner of existing things, animate and inanimate.

Yes, India is, in the language of her greatest living poet, incorrigibly religious. Her soul has found its riches in the things within it, not in those around it. Her greatness has lain in the realm of mind and spirit. Pre-eminently has she been the philosopher nation of the world. You can always get any educated man to join with you in philosophical discussion. India has given the world sublime philosophies which, for pure abstraction, untrammelled imagination and remorseless consistency, are still unrivalled. But here is the thing to note. What, down all the ages, has been always and everywhere the motive of this toilsome search into the problem of existence? It has been religious: the quest for salvation (or deliverance) which, for the Indian, means release from the burden of individual existence. Though in some ways the most unpractical of countries, her philosophy has been exclusively practical and religious. What must I do to be saved (saved, that is, not from sin, but from existence)? To the Indian that is all that really matters, all he cares about.

Nothing else can ever satisfy his soul but the answer to that question.

Hinduism's monuments to posterity are not empires or buildings. The relics of her hoary antiquity are not to be found in brick or stone, in art or the work of men's fingers—all to perish in the lapse of time. Her monuments are spiritual, her relics are imperishable, her glory (possibly, too, her curse) is her philosophy, bequeathed from her antiquity, to live for ever in the thought of man. And from beginning to end that philosophy is religious.

There is nothing great in India, nothing enduring, nothing truly expressive of herself, that does not bear the impress of religion. For religion she has lived in the persons of all her greatest sons. Her two national epics, the Mahābhārata and the Rāmāyana, are above all else religious poems. India's roll of fame is little else than the calendar of her religious thinkers and devotees. Thinkers and devotees! To religion India has given not her soul only, but her mind and body.

Again, India's art is all religious; religious after India's sort. Not nature, but soaring, unfettered fancy is its rule. Gods must have three heads, or a hundred hands, to show their power. The abstinence of the devotee has reduced his trunk to slender spiritual proportions. Spirituality will soar right above base material models. This art has had its triumphs, but it has its nemesis too. The imaginative flight that in its waywardness honours not the facts of God must tumble to earth again, to grovel amid the grotesque and the degraded.

Not art, nor architecture, but literature is India's greatest bequest to mankind. The extent of Sanskrit literature is immense. Its greatest books are marked by singular originality. In beauty and worth it approaches that of Greece. It deals with a wonderful range of subjects and ideas, and has had a continuous life since a thousand years before Christ. For the most part it is either philosophy, or poetry—epic, dramatic, or didactic. And in each case it is almost all of it religious.

Even the parent ranks second in affectionate honour to the religious teacher. The place of proud and unchallenged pre-eminence in honour and popular esteem belongs, not to king or emperor, but to the great priestly caste of Brahmans. The proud Court Chaplain of a Rājput prince would not demean himself by eating at his monarch's table. Priests, kings and soldiers, merchants, artisans, that is the sacred and immutable table of precedence, fixed by the Veda in a verse which is now interpreted to be the charter of Caste :—

> The Brahman was his (the primal Man's) mouth ;
> The Rājanya (warrior-ruler) was made from his arms ;
> His thighs became the Vaisya (merchant) ;
> From his feet the Sūdra (artisan) was produced.[1]

"Holy Poverty" is the accepted ideal in this land. The Indian soul bows down, not to wealth and power, but to simplicity and poverty. She has refused to be dazzled by the pomps and brilliance of our civilization. "Not the Master of Industry with his millions, not the Boss of Big Business has

[1] *Rig-Veda*, X. xc. 12. See Chapter II., p. 55.

roused her enthusiasm and thrilled her imagination; this has been done only by the Sannyāsi, going out from house and home, with no possession but his begging-bowl, to be alone with God."

The true Sannyāsi has always been the summit of India's ideal. The sacred law of Manu, the Moses of the Hindus, whose inviolable code imposes its religious rule on every detail of an Indian's life, divides a Brahman's life into four *āshramas* or stages; the student, the householder, the hermit, and the homeless, wandering monk. The Brahman, having learned the holy love at the feet of his preceptor, and having reared and ruled his family, is bidden to go out into the forest for meditation, and finally retires from the world, houseless, penniless, companionless, to be alone in mystic communion with the infinite IT.

II. The People and the Land of India

But the spell India casts on us to-day is due not only to her other-worldliness and piety. Our attention is fascinated by the new India, our foster-child, which is coming to maturity. The name "India" in the mind of Englishmen to-day stands for the loyalty of ancient peoples who, in the hour of selfish opportunity, preferred instead to stand with us in a common sacrifice for righteous ends. It reminds us of democratic ideals urged by a nation nurtured for centuries in hierarchic aristocracy; of a demand for self-government and liberty on the lips of peoples who learned the meaning of those sacred watchwords from ourselves; of the

passionate fervour of a new-born patriotism coursing through the blood of those who owe their unity and national self-consciousness to the Pax Britannica; of the excesses of a crude but ardent nationalism which, even when it competes with our own material interests, evokes our sympathy; and of the absorbing problem for imperial statesmanship in the balancing of India's claim for self-expression with our own.

If religion is one of the rallying-grounds of Indian nationalism, pride in the antiquity and grandeur of her civilization is another. If we would understand the fire that burns in the heart of a young Indian patriot, we must know something of India's past, and of the land that has nurtured her.

Everything in India is on the gigantic scale. Her northern boundary is the impenetrable barrier of the snow-clad Himālayas, soaring up into Everest, the highest mountain in the world. The vast northern plain, which forms the greater part of India, is skirted by two of the world's greatest rivers, the Indus and the Brahmaputra, and drained by a third, the holy Ganges. Majestic mountains, crowned by 10,000 feet of virgin snow, untrodden ever by any foot of man; the silent flow of broad, placid rivers, carrying life and fertility to arid plains; dense forests where hide the elephant, the tiger and the bear; vast plains, stretching for hundreds of miles of unrelieved monotony of contour, yet with the grandeur of sheer, unbroken spaciousness, burnt to a ruddy brown picked out with trees—except when for three months the bounteous rain has made it one expanse of emerald green; luxuriant,

enervating flats of palm grove and tropical jungle; these make India.

There is a single valley of the Himālayas in which you could bury and lose sight of Switzerland. The river systems of the Indus and the Ganges water a plain that feeds 175 millions of people. For magnificence of scenery, the valley of Kashmir, with its glaciers and its eternal snows, its lakes and rivers, its flowers and its forests, is surely peerless in the world; an earthly paradise. And for lazy beauty it would be hard to rival a river-journey in Eastern Bengal, as one glides noiselessly down a dark avenue of water, cut through the tall luxuriant jungle where the tiger lurks, or emerges upon a vast lagoon, whose placid blue fades indistinguishably into the sky, the horizon only marked by palm-clad islets that encircle it.

The map of India is easy to remember. Alike in area and population India is about the size of Europe without Russia. It consists of two triangles having a common base which is formed by the Vindhya range of hills that stretch at a height varying from 2,000 to 3,000 feet between Karachi and Calcutta, the western and the eastern ports. The two other sides of the northern and larger triangle are formed by the Himālayas, flanked first on their outer and then on their inner edges by the Indus and the Brahmaputra, and comprehending the great plains of the Indus and the Ganges. The southern triangle consists of a peninsular tableland, shelving more or less steeply to the ocean that contains its western and its eastern flanks.

This land is rather continent than country. It

comprises a multitude of peoples varying more widely in racial type than the Spaniard and the Scandinavian. There are the giant races of the north-west frontier; the wild Balūch with his matted locks; the swinging Panjābi and the fierce Pathān; the majestic Sikh with his divided beard and knotted hair; the sturdy, athletic little Gurkha, of sallow complexion and close-slit eyes; the tall and handsome Kashmiri with the fair skin which marks him true-blooded Aryan; the graceful and intellectual Bengali; the keen and wiry Marāthā; the intelligent and gentle Tamil; the cultured Syrian Christian from Travancore; and the shaggy little aborigines from the central hills, still using bow and arrow. Can Europe produce a like variety?

And yet, when you compare her with her neighbours, India is most palpably a unity. The characteristics that divide her from her Arab and Mongol neighbours are far deeper and wider than any that separate the tribes within her borders. There are, of course, the tribes of the north-east and north-west frontiers, of uncertain classification. Pass over these, and you could never mistake an inhabitant of the Indian peninsula for Chinese or Arab. Yes, India is a unity, albeit in diversity.

Diversity of language is even more bewildering than that of tribe. A hundred and forty-seven distinct languages are spoken. Conceive the problem in administration represented by that single fact. The varying characteristics of the Indian peoples are the result of the mingling in diverse blends of three great racial types; the Aryan, the Dravidian, and the Mongolian. The principal lan-

guages fall into two great families; the Aryan, based on Sanskrit, and the Dravidian. To the former group belong Hindi and Urdu (spoken in the United Provinces), Panjābi, Bengali, Marāthi and Gujerāthi (spoken in the West). To the latter belong the South Indian languages; Tamil, Telugu, Malayālam and Kanarese. Language may be a uniting or a divisive influence. It is significant that English is the only language available for common intercourse between the several parts of India.

So much for stage and players. We have now come to the drama itself.

III. India's History

What is the new pride that thrills with passion the heart of every Indian patriot? It is the rediscovery of a glorious national heritage, the newfound sense that India's civilization of to-day dates back in living continuity to an antiquity venerable when Athens and Rome were yet unborn. The Indian looks westward and reminds himself that his civilization has endured through three thousand years, though even that is modern by the side of Babylon and Egypt. And a thoughtful reverence steals over the Englishman as he lives amongst these patient children of an older day, wondering for what noble purpose a mysterious providence has entrusted them to the care of a people born but yesterday.

For here you have a people living, with hardly a change, the life they were living between two and three thousand years ago. No other country except

China can trace back its language and literature, its religious beliefs and rites, its domestic and social customs, through an uninterrupted development of three thousand years.[1]

On one side they are the descendants of the fair-skinned Aryan race of hardy peasants who before the days of Rameses II. and Moses swarmed through the Khaibar Pass upon the plains of Upper India; a simple, primitive people, living under tribal chieftains and worshipping as gods the powers of nature. Gradually they became the dominant race throughout India north of the Vindhya hills, ruling the dark-skinned aborigines and Dravidians. They were a civilized people before the days of Homer, with schools for the education of their priests. Before the composition of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the Vedic hymns had taken their present shape.

You may wander to-day through the streets of a more ancient Pompeii, still being excavated, near the military cantonment of Rawal Pindi. When Alexander invaded India, Taxila was already a flourishing university. The stone and plaster facing of the rather later Buddhist buildings is still fresh and clean as though done yesterday.

Taxila brings us into touch with the greatest of India's sons. While the Persian hordes of Darius were preparing their march on Marathon, a gentle preacher was wandering up and down the valley of the Ganges. Gautama the Buddha, younger contemporary of Pythagoras (B.C. 510), was teaching the rule of a pure life and the care for all things living. His yellow-robed monks carried the glad

[1] Macdonell, *History of Sanskrit Literature*, p. 7.

message throughout North India till even distant Taxila with its bands of students became an outpost of the faith.

But Taxila has another interest for us of the West. British soldiers are not the first European troops to whose tramp the pavements of those streets have sounded. The story of Alexander's lightning swoop on India, and his march across sunburned deserts and snow-clad mountain ranges, thousands of miles from any military base, reads like a fairy tale. Carrying all before him by the sheer brilliance of irresistible personality, he crossed the Hindu Kūsh, and drove his chariot up the streets of Taxila to feast with its wisely hospitable king. Surprising King Porus by a daring passage of the Jhelum, he overwhelmed him and his host of elephants at the battle of the Hydaspes in July 326 B.C. But not for the last time were the rigours of the Indian climate the protection of its people. Exhausted by the heat of the Panjab summer, his troops refused to cross the Beas. It was reserved to India to defeat by passive resistance the hitherto unconquered Greek. Alexander's stay in India was little more than a year.

"India remained unchanged. The wounds of battle were quickly healed; the ravaged fields smiled again as the patient oxen and no less patient husbandmen resumed their interrupted labours; and the places of the slain myriads were filled by the teeming swarms of a population, which knows no limit save those imposed by the cruelty of man or the still more pitiless oppositions of nature. India was not Hellenized. She continued to live her life

of 'splendid isolation,' and soon forgot the passing of the Macedonian storm."[1]

The last page in the romance of Taxila takes us to a later stage in India's history, when Mahmūd of Ghaznī, ablaze with righteous indignation against the false gods of the infidel, fell on the city and defaced every image of Buddha in the place. You may count them to-day, headless and handless and footless images, by the score.

Near Taxila Alexander is said to have met the Hindu monarch who first deserved the name "Emperor of India." Chandragupta, founder of the Mauryan dynasty, takes us to Pataliputra, the modern Patnā, first of the three imperial cities round which circles Indian history (B.C. 321-297). Like Taxila, Pataliputra is being excavated, and has just become the capital of an Indian Province once more. The city, with its palace of ten thousand pillars, was nine miles long and a mile and a half across, beside the Ganges. Its fortifications consisted of a wooden palisade, remains of which are still extant, and a surrounding moat.

Here is the account Megasthenes, the Greek ambassador at Chandragupta's court, gives of the municipal and imperial government of this Indian capital, three centuries before the Christian era. There were six Municipal Boards of five members each, who were responsible for the following departments:—hospitality and care of foreign residents and visitors; manufactures; weights and measures; market prices; excise duties; registration of births and deaths. The War Office had six Boards of

[1] V. A. Smith, *Early History of India*, p. 112.

five members each, responsible respectively for:—admiralty; transport and commissariat; infantry; cavalry; war-chariots; elephants. There was also an Irrigation Board. In imperial and municipal administration, Pataliputra had not much to learn from the twentieth Christian century. The Empire thence administered stretched from the Arabian Sea to the Bay of Bengal, and across the Indus to the Hindu Kūsh. The Hindu of two thousand years ago did not lack the capacity for administration.

But Chandragupta's grandson was greater than himself, the Emperor Asoka (B.C. 272-231). This Buddhist prince was not only an illustrious Indian monarch: with Akbar, his Muslim successor in a later age, he ranks among the greatest rulers in world history. Horror at the massacres entailed by his conquest of Orissa brought about a heart-conversion to Buddha's Law of Piety. In its effects his conversion has been likened to the baptism of Constantine. His confession is engraved in an inscription cut in rock:

> HIS MAJESTY FEELS REMORSE ON ACCOUNT OF THE CONQUEST OF THE KALINGAS, BECAUSE, DURING THE SUBJUGATION OF A PREVIOUSLY UNCONQUERED COUNTRY, SLAUGHTER, DEATH AND TAKING CAPTIVE OF THE PEOPLE NECESSARILY OCCUR, WHEREAT HIS MAJESTY FEELS PROFOUND REGRET.

He abolished the royal hunt, and restricted both sacrifices and the taking of animal life throughout

the realm. Hospitals were founded and medical stores supplied wherever needed. Travellers' rest-houses with wells, mango groves and camping grounds, were erected along the high-roads, which were shaded by avenues of trees and marked by milestones.

In one regard he set an example that has not been followed. He instituted a very thorough system of Buddhist propaganda. His Viceroys were ordered to assemble the people from time to time, and instruct them in their royal Master's faith, though no compulsion might be used. Buddhist missionaries, including a member of the Royal family, were sent to Ceylon, Syria, Macedonia, Epirus, Egypt and Cyrene. Asoka began the movement which transformed Buddhism from a local sect into a world-creed. It is this that makes his reign an epoch in the history of the world.

After Asoka India lapsed into that which has been her political condition ever since; the desolation of internecine strife between numberless petty and competing kingdoms, or the peace of a unity imposed from without by powerful alien rule. This monotony is only occasionally relieved by a successful dynasty or a tribal war.

Throughout these troublous fifteen hundred years a never-ending stream of invaders—Greek, Scythian, Parthian, Mongol, Hun, Arab, Afghān, Turk—swarmed down through the passes of Afghānistān upon the plains of India, and then retired again, occasionally leaving behind them outposts of one or other of the kaleidoscopic Western-Asian empires, but for the most part raiding and harrying and then

returning whence they came. Most famous of these was Mahmūd of Ghaznī (contemporary of Æthelred the Unready and Cnut), who in twenty-six years perpetrated seventeen raids on India. Everywhere he slaughtered multitudes of idolaters, smashed their idols, plundered and burnt to the ground their sacred temples, notably that of Somnāth with its fabulous wealth—a tale to which the songs of Islam still resound—and returned to Afghānistān to enrich his capital with much booty and many captives.

We have reached the period of the Muhammadan invasion. Henceforth it is a conflict not so much between rival nations as between antagonistic creeds. Two of the most determined and fanatical religions in the world are face to face. In India Islam, like Hellenism under Alexander, received its check. Sorely battered, and forced to cede to an alien faith a third of her territory and a quarter of her population, Hinduism has yet down to this very day presented an unbroken front to Islam.

The centre of interest now changes to Delhi, the second of India's great imperial cities. From 1206 A.D. we may date the period of Muhammadan ascendency and empire. The tale of the Muslim kings who rode to Delhi, as dynasty gave place to dynasty in rapid succession, is as thrilling as it is picturesque. Many of them were of slave origin; few came to their graves in peace.

But we must pass on to the Mughal dynasty, making only a passing mention even of Taimūr (Tamerlane) and his seven months' lightning raid on India with its rapine and its massacre of 100,000

prisoners outside Delhi. After three troubled centuries arose a royal house that for two hundred years gave peace to India. The Mongoloid dynasty of the Mughals produced in direct hereditary succession a line of imperial rulers who for steady level of high ability and force of character will bear comparison with any in history. The greatest of the line was Akbar, contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, whose reign he exceeded by a couple of years at either end. He promoted commerce, administered impartial justice to all classes of his subjects, established a wise land revenue settlement, the principle of which lasts to this day, forbade child marriage, permitted the re-marriage of widows, endeavoured to stop the practice of *sati*,[1] and was a munificent partisan of literature and education. All religions were put upon a political equality by this Muhammadan ruler. He welcomed Jews, Parsis, Hindus, Christians to his court, and himself adopted an eclectic system of faith, a creed of pure Deism, and a ritual based on the system of Zoroaster.

If you would get a sense of Akbar's greatness, take your stand in the silent courts of majestic Fatehpur. Around you are the magnificent palaces, the fort, the exquisite mosques, the triumphal monuments of a whole deserted city, all the creation of a single master mind, which by one imperial order called them into being, and by another consigned them to the oblivion of a city of the dead. They were mighty builders, those Mughals! Agra and imperial Delhi are their handiwork. And the grand-

[1] *Sati* = the burning alive of a widow on the pyre of her deceased husband.

son of Akbar, Shāh Jahān, builder of the Tāj, that fairy dream in marble, has made India the proud possessor of the crown of human art, as she has in Everest and Kinchinjanga God's masterpiece in nature.

The bigoted intolerance of Akbar's great-grandson, Aurangzeb, strained the loyal co-operation of his Hindu subjects to breaking-point. In the eighteenth century the suzerainty of Delhi became only a name. Viceroys of provinces were independent rulers, fighting with one another or with Rājputs and Marāthās. The scene was clear for another alien rule that should give peace to weary India. The Muhammadan dominion passed away, having given India glorious buildings, a monotheistic faith which to-day is followed by nearly seventy millions, and the prison of the Zenana[1] system; but otherwise the life of India was scarcely touched.

IV. The Coming of the British

India's next invading rulers came to her, not by way of the mountain passes, but over the sea; and the sea-port of Calcutta became her capital. Was it chance or providence that led the British here? A surface view of things suggests that we possessed ourselves of the Indian Empire in a fit of absent-mindedness. Settling here as selfish traders, we have blundered into becoming beneficent administrators. Is it not a fair sample of our British way? We built better than we knew, because it was God

[1] Zenana = the portion of an Indian house reserved exclusively for the women. See p. 100.

who builded through us. Still are we in the same succession. The young English graduate who comes to India because it offers him a career, stays, when pestilence or famine come, to give his life for the patient myriads in his charge. I know nothing more eloquent of the spirit and the reason of our British rule than the inscription on a cross that stands by the roadside in Jabalpur.

On one side are the following words:

> TO THE MEMORY OF THE OFFICERS OF THE CENTRAL PROVINCES WHO SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES TO THEIR DUTY IN THE STRUGGLE TO SAVE LIFE DURING THE GREAT FAMINE OF 1896-97.

On the other are the names of five members of the Indian Civil Service (the Commissioner of the Division, three Deputy Commissioners, one Assistant Commissioner), one Executive Engineer, one Assistant District Superintendent of Police, and two Lieutenants of the Indian Army; all Englishmen.

And the explanation? It was by no accident that the signal at Britain's greatest naval victory was: "England expects every man to do his duty." It is by no accident that there lies upon the grave of a prince among British administrators at Lucknow the simple inscription: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." And there is no other basis that will carry the huge edifice of duty except obedience to the will of God.

Surely it was prophetic of the purpose which brought Britain here that the first contact between

our little island and this mighty Empire was the sending of relief to the ancient Christian Churches of South India by our own King Alfred. The next was trade, with this same coast of Malabar. The rounding of the Cape of Good Hope in 1498 brought Vasco da Gama and his merchant crew to Calicut. India was opened to the commerce of the sailor races of the West.

For the next three centuries Portugal, Holland, France, England, and Denmark scrambled for the spoils of Indian trade. Their history is cast in miniature in the line of foreign settlements that edge the Ganges in Bengal. Chandranagar (French), Hooghly (Portuguese), Chinsura (Dutch), Serampore (Danish), Calcutta (English), are a string of towns within twenty miles of one another on the same river bank. A.D. 1600 saw the foundation of the East India Company, followed by trading settlements (called factories) at Surat, Madras, Bombay, Calcutta—till then places of no importance.

For long the Company forbade its agents to have anything to do with political or military concerns. But the troublous, often anarchic character of India, split into numberless petty states and principalities, compelled the merchants to secure their trade by acquiring a dominating influence over the local Rajah. In the oft-repeated panegyric on India's past, let us not forget that, except for two or three brief periods, she has throughout the three millenniums of her history been the scene of division and oppression, of devastating strife and internecine war; a land of insecurity and miseries that could not do other than breed pessimism in her peoples.

The British Rāj[1] has given her a peace and prosperity to which she was till then a stranger.

Step by step the Western adventurers were led on to extend their sphere of influence, not only by the quarrels of neighbouring Indian States, but also by the rivalries of their European competitors. The method generally followed was to offer to organize and assist the forces of one of the combatant Rajahs, whose success was followed by the grant of lands, monopolies, and the right of political penetration. The troops used to conquer India were almost wholly Indian troops. There is no more specious lie than the statement that we hold India by the sword. The sword by which we hold India is her own. We hold India by her own consent.

At first everything seemed to point to France as destined to oust her rivals in the struggle for paramountcy in India. The tide was turned by the military genius and daring of a clerk in the Company's counting-house at Fort St George. With almost reckless daring Clive overwhelmed Dupleix, the French Commander in the South, and six years later, in 1757, at Plassey in Bengal, in the teeth of the advice of his military council, attacked with an army of less than 3,000 the 50,000 of the Nāwāb Sirāj-ud-dowla, and terribly avenged the massacre of the Black Hole of Calcutta. The Indian campaign of the Seven Years' War left England the dominant European power in Asia.

And yet heroic Clive, builder more than any man of our Empire in the East, has laid on the good name of Britain one indelible stain. Descending to the

[1] Rāj = rule or government.

level of his treacherous antagonist, Clive tricked Omichand by a forged treaty. Truly has Macaulay written: "English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Oriental Empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us, is as nothing, when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed." We now know ourselves to be champions of the sacred right of treaties. But it is only with the humility of penitents that we can rightly carry that noble cause.

Warren Hastings followed Clive; and fifty years later came Lord William Bentinck, the man who more clearly than any of India's administrators visualized the great moral issues that are Britain's true imperial responsibilities in India. Magnificently supported by brave Rām Mohan Roy, Bentinck courageously dared to abolish two barbarous customs, bearing the sanction of religion. He inhibited *sati* (the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands), and suppressed the *thugs*, bands of hereditary assassins, who did service to the goddess Kālī by strangling and robbing travellers. Of far deeper significance even than these two reforms was Bentinck's momentous decision to give India Western education, and thus to open up to her the treasures of modern knowledge and science. From that day, not India's subservience, but India's development to manhood became the aim of British rule.

Twenty years later came the hour of Britain's

agony in the East. The annexation by Lord Dalhousie of vast territories (the Panjab, Burma, the Central Provinces and Oudh) in rapid succession, the revolutionary effect of this same emancipating education, the appearance simultaneously of steam engine and telegraph wire, had produced a ferment that verged on panic in the Indian mind. An unintended outrage on the religious sentiment alike of Hindu and Muhammadan in the process of cartridge-manufacture was the spark that fired the conflagration of the Sepoy[1] mutiny in 1857. Lucknow, Cawnpore and Delhi are names at which British blood will tingle in the centuries to come.

And Britain's trial discovered Britain's heroes. In England's calendar of fame are no nobler names than John and Henry Lawrence, Nicholson, Havelock and Outram; and, mark this, they were every one of them not only splendid knights, but fearless Christian gentlemen. Deeply significant also was it that the recently reduced Panjab, the province of turbulent and fanatic Muslims, which to the amaze of all held true throughout, was almost from end to end administered by men who openly confessed their Christian faith, and actively promoted Christian missions. India understands the man who puts God first. We may thank God that the terms of British revenge were mitigated by the Christian statesmanship of Lawrence, who preserved glorious Delhi from extermination, and that the clemency with which Canning was taunted has been proved by sixty years of peace to have been wise as well as Christian.

[1] Sepoy = Indian soldier.

Then followed the Royal Proclamation, read in stately Durbar at Allahabad on November 1st, 1858, which has been called the Magna Charta of Indian liberties. By it the East India Company was abolished, and India came under the direct control of the Crown. It reads :

"We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects ; and those obligations by the blessing of Almighty God we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil. Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. . . . It is further our will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity to discharge."

That utterance sets before the people of India a legitimate ideal of political aspiration. It is a noble document, instinct with the best traditions of the British spirit.

And indeed it is more spirit than anything else—that gossamer thread of British authority stretched this way and that over the Indian peninsula. The unit of administration is the "District," an area about the size of an English county, with a population that averages a million—a Glasgow or greater Birmingham. And the District is ruled by a single "Collector," supported by a handful of assistants ; the judge, the doctor, the police superintendent

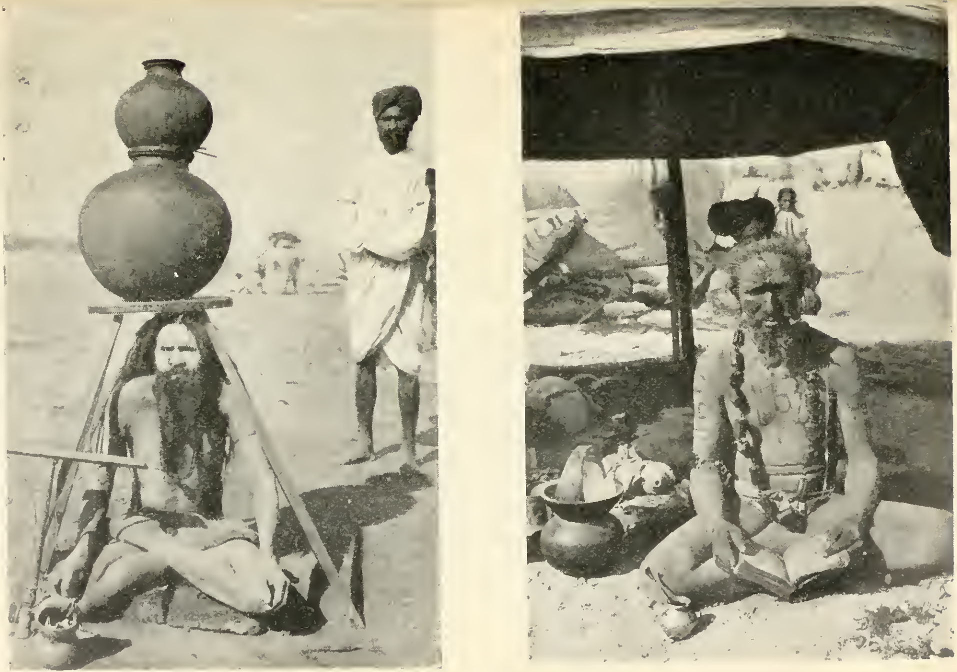
and the engineer: five Englishmen (and, as the Indian element in the service increases, by no means always that), ruling a million people, without troops. For the troops (and the majority are Indian) are concentrated in a few cantonments or garrison stations. Two-fifths of the population of India lives, not under direct British rule, but in Native States, that is, under the rule of Indian princes, independent in internal affairs, but under the suzerainty of the Emperor, whose interests are watched by a British "Resident."

V. The Duty of Britain to India

And wherefore that thin white line? Is it a mere chance incident of history? Or has it a meaning, an eternal purpose?

Is Britain here to give India railways and post offices, telegraphs and canals? Or even schools and hospitals, justice and peace? Is that a programme, a vocation, which can ever satisfy the soul of India, or our own? Why are we here, a race of yesterday, from a little island in the far-off West, put in trust with half a continent of peoples, peoples pre-eminently intellectual and religious, with a history, a philosophy, a civilization incomparably older than our own?

The heart of India is passionately set on self-expression as a nation. She desires to take her place in the sisterhood of peoples. That aim is unrealizable apart from the unity which the British Rāj has given her, and which under existing conditions the continuance of the British dominion alone can



Two Sadhus

[See page 35



Bathing at Kumbh Mela, Allahabad

guarantee. Sundered by a dozen greater languages, riven and rent by the endless barriers of caste, split by Hinduism and Islam into two irreconcilable communities, she has no other way to the external security or internal peace which are essential to her progress and prosperity. She possesses no possible centre of unity within herself.

But unity and security and peace are but conditions for her life. These alone will never enable India to achieve her end. There needs a force of character that Hinduism has failed to give; an intolerance of evil; a chivalrous purpose to uplift the down-trodden and oppressed; an integrity and uprightness that shall be the basis of commercial confidence; a disinterestedness of spirit that can inspire public life and mutual trust; a brotherhood which Christ alone can give.

In these three thousand years India has tested and exhausted the possibilities of her own resources. The fruit of Hinduism is—India to-day. India needs regeneration by the power of a new life from above. And she will discover that in receiving that new life from Christ she has found Him whom down all the ages she has been seeking; that through Christ she achieves that union with God which has always been her one passionate desire; that sitting at the feet of Jesus she will at last become what she has ever been in the dreams and aspirations of her seers and prophets—the religious teacher of mankind. He were a traitor to the soul of India and all her heritage from the past who held that India's mission could be less than spiritual.

Are we to help India to that destiny?

Chapter II

TWILIGHT IN INDIA

> "From the Unreal lead me to the Real,
> From the Darkness lead me to the Light,
> From Death lead me to Immortality."
>
> A Vedic Prayer.

If the soul of India is essentially religious, what are the characteristics of the religion to which she has given birth? They are perplexingly diverse and even contradictory. So much of the best and of the worst of which humanity is capable! A closer inspection of some aspects of the life of India is necessary if we are to feel our way towards an answer to this question. We must study Indian religion at its best and at its worst.

I. The Ascetic Ideal

The climax of India's religious ideal has ever been renunciation (*Sannyās*). You will see Sannyāsis (wandering hermits) along any road in Northern India, in their orange robes, often vicious and impudent impostors, but not a few with a benign serenity that breathes the atmosphere of another world. And if you will follow the sacred Ganges up to where it issues from the snow-clad mountains into the sunny plains, you will find at Rishikesh a

scattered colony of them, including some who as Diwān have ruled Native States, or who have been decorated by the King-Emperor for imperial service. The census reveals that there are no less than 5,200,000 of them in India.

And the Sannyāsi still holds sway over the Indian soul. There is not a Hindu graduate of our Indian Universities, no matter how Western notions may jostle up against the instincts of his soul, who does not in his heart of hearts revere the Ascetic as the true example of what is perfectness for man. That is the standard by which unconsciously he tries all other scales of virtue.

Incidentally, that life of absorbed (albeit wholly selfish) indifference to the things around him fixes for him the value to be set on philanthropy and science, sanitation and material progress, and every form of strenuousness.

"The Hindu's gaze has been so concentrated on the realization of his own union with God that he has almost never had any time to think seriously of bringing about a Kingdom of Heaven on earth." "Social values (outside his caste) do not exist for the Hindu." "The great souls of India find the joy of the Lord so intense that they quite forget the needs of their fellows." The Sannyāsi never seeks to save others.

But the Sannyāsi or Sādhu (wrongly called the Fakir) stands not only for poverty and other-worldliness. He has set us, on the merely physical plane, an unsurpassable standard of asceticism; "sacrifice" we should like to call it, but that it is wholly selfish. There is no austerity or torture

that Indians have not endured, and are not enduring to-day, for the compassing of salvation. What is it that arrests you as you pick your way through the crowd that throngs a *mela* or religious festival? Here is an all but naked ascetic, sitting on a bed of spikes; another walking on sandals lined with spikes (the business end uppermost!). Further on is one who has held both arms extended over his head till they have shrivelled and shrunk stiff so that he cannot move them down. Beside him is another, the nails of whose shut fists have grown till they have pierced his hands. There is one hanging suspended by the heels head downwards over a fire, and beyond sits another surrounded, on a scorching Indian summer's day, by five live fires. At least these people are in earnest about religion! Here is a nation to whom pain and privation simply do not count if a spiritual aim is to be accomplished. There is something of the magnificent in the Sādhu's measureless contempt for suffering and hardship.

There are some scores of these ascetic orders in India. Many of them show their indifference to the world by wearing only a single shred of clothing. I have even seen twenty thousand such, stark naked, marching in procession to bathe at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna.

These same *melas*, or religious fairs, are a spectacular demonstration of the hold religion has upon the masses of the people. They furnish the Hindu family with its annual outing. The *Kumbh mela*, falling every twelve years at Allahabad, the ancient Prayāg, will serve as exemplar of smaller gatherings

held at thousands of sacred sites all over India and thronged by millions and millions of devout pilgrims. Preparations are made by a paternal, though alien, government for months before, and a temporary city of huts, with gas and water supply complete, is laid out on the sands by the river side. The principal occupants will be the members of the ascetic orders, of whom not less than a hundred thousand will be present, for this is one of their quadrennial gatherings. Each order or *akhārā* has its own camp under the presidency of its *mahant*, or abbot.

One of the chief cares of this same paternal government is to tell off one of its officers to secure by tactful negotiations and agreement a peaceful table of precedence for the several orders when the whole hundred thousand of them march in solemn procession to bathe in the holy waters at the junction of the streams on one of the great days of the festival; and so to avoid the riot and bloodshed of pre-British times. There are five such days—which give opportunity for the due satisfaction, by careful arrangement, of conflicting claims. Standing on the ramparts of the Fort in the angle formed by the meeting of the rivers, the British police officer in charge of the whole arrangements will tell you you are looking down on a crowd of three million worshippers. Where else in the world could such a sight or even so large a crowd be seen ?

They have come, these pilgrims, many of them tramping hundreds of miles, from the remotest corners of the Indian Empire. Others will be thanking Providence for a benign government which, by its railways, has made it possible for

them, albeit packed in cattle trucks like herrings in a tin, to acquire religious merit with an ease and security unknown to their less favoured ancestors. On the faces of all is that same quiet intent mien of purposeful devoutness. For they have come on serious business. A dip in the holy Ganges duly performed at the right time and in the right place means the washing away of the sins of a life-time; mostly ceremonial sins, it is true; but then those are the sins which his religion really lays upon his conscience. The earnestness that expends itself so lavishly on pilgrimage and sacrifice everywhere in India is for the most part not sense of moral guilt, but the desire to escape the penalty of ceremonial offence. "By bathing in other rivers," says the *Garuda Purāna*, "men are purified; but so also by merely touching, drinking or calling upon the Ganges. It sanctifies meritless men by hundreds and thousands. He who calls 'O Ganga! Ganga!' while life is flickering in the throat goes when dead to the City of Vishnu and is not born again on earth." (And yet it is held that the good law of *Karma*, the doctrine of retribution which, as we shall see, governs the whole of life, absolutely excludes the possibility of forgiveness.)

At Benares you may see these sights continually, or indeed at any of India's show places. For Hindu India has nothing to show you but religion. "Beauty of place," writes Sister Nivedita, "translates itself to the Indian consciousness as God's cry to the soul. Had Niagara been situated on the Ganges, it is odd to think how different would have been its valuation by humanity. Instead of

fashionable picnics and railway pleasure trips, the yearly or monthly incursion of worshipping crowds; instead of hotels, temples; instead of ostentatious excess, austerity; instead of the desire to harness its mighty forces to the chariot of human utility, the unrestrained longing to throw away the body, and realise at once the ecstatic madness of Supreme Union. Could contrast be greater?" Union with the Deity! That has ever been the goal alike of India's spiritual longing and of her intellectual search.

II. The Central Ideas of Indian Religious Life

India has stood all down the centuries for three noble truths: that man's soul is akin to, indeed, part of, "God"; that the world is in its last analysis spiritual, and not material; and that the universe is just. The witness to that splendid triad has been her national contribution to the great human brotherhood. That is her patent of nobility in the hierarchy of the races.

The supreme testimony of the Hindu soul is this: that the ultimate Thing, the unity underlying all this world's bewildering diversity, the Eternal persisting through all its changes, is not matter but Spirit (Ātmā Brahma). THAT (the impersonal Being of the universe) changes not. THAT is actionless, passionless, unmoving, unaffected, free from sorrow, pain or change. THAT alone is real. All else only seems to be. Ultimately THAT is the "One without a second."

But if that THAT is spirit, I too am spirit. The real,

the unchanging, the eternal, not only in the world, but in me too, is Spirit. Is my spirit different from Its? Are there two spirits? No. "Thou art THAT." "I am Brahma," is the triumphant answer of the Indian thinker.

"When this mighty thought came home to a man as true, when he realized that he was the eternal Brahma, he felt instantly transported from his old worldly life to the changeless freedom of Brahma. Brahma is altogether free. I am Brahma. Therefore I am free. By this experience the man was completely transformed. He had hitherto regarded himself as an individual living being in the multitudinous kingdom of nature, not so very different from the animals, dependent altogether on the things of time and of the senses, hopelessly entangled in *Karma* and rebirth. He now realizes that that is all a dream, that he is a spiritual being to whom all nature is but an empty show; an immortal being to whom fear, sorrow, death are meaningless; an eternal being for whom the changes of time are less than nothing; a self-sufficing spirit, requiring nothing and therefore desiring nothing, a universal being to whom individuality is but a speck, a free spirit. . . . He knows himself the eternal God, present in all the universe, the sum and substance of all reality. He stands immortal, fearless, desireless, beyond the reach of pain or sorrow, or doubt, his experience all ended, his soul filled with the blessedness of a great peace."[1]

"What can he desire who has all?"[2]

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[1] Farquhar, *Crown of Hinduism*, pp. 223, 224.

[2] *Māndūkya Kārikā*, I. 9.

"The necessary result of this condition of mind was that the man at once gave up all his connection with the world. He did not belong to the fleeting world, but to the world of Brahma. What had the eternal Brahma to do with worship, children, comfort, pleasure, business, property or government? Brahma had nothing to do with action, 'that evil thing.' . . . No thinking man can forbear to admire with the utmost heartiness the boldness of the thought and the supreme strenuousness of the discipline to which these men submitted themselves."[1]

In the sequel we shall have to trace the inevitable process by which this seemingly exalted system stiffened all over India into the iron bondage of a soulless pantheism. But here too India showed her fitness for, and faithfulness to her spiritual calling. Never could her heart be satisfied with the cold contemplation of this abstract Absolute. Again and yet again her soul rose in passionate protest, rejecting IT, and crying out for HIM. Sure that God must somehow care for man's sad plight and draw near to be the Saviour of His people, she has invented a whole series of quasi-incarnations.

Nowhere is India's genius for religion so clearly seen as in the noble succession of her theistic reformers—sages, seers, preachers and sweet singers, reaching forward unconsciously through two thousand years to its consummation in Christ Jesus. If we would know the depth and height of spiritual reach and power that lie hid in the heart of India, let us listen to some of the raptures of her psalmists.

[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 224, 225.

Here is a nameless poet of the Vaishnavite sect, dating back how many centuries we do not know.

> " Dear Lord, no peer in misery have I,
>   No peer hast Thou in grace.
> This binds us twain; and can'st Thou then deny
>   To turn to me Thy face ? " [1]

Or listen to an unorthodox saint of a Shaivite sect, known as Shiva-Vākyar, whose date is generally put about a thousand years ago :

> " When once I knew the Lord,
> What were to me the host
> Of pagan deities,
> Some fixed in temple shrines,
> Or carried in the crowd ;
> Some made of unbaked clay,
> And some burnt hard with fire ?
> With all the lying tales
> That fill the sacred books,
> They've vanished from my mind.
>
> How many flowers I gave
> At famous temple-shrines !
> How often told my bede
> And washed the idol's head !
> And still with weary feet
> Encircled Shiva's shrines !
> But now at last I know
> Where dwells the King of Gods,
> And never will adore
> A temple made by hands.
>
> But yet I have a shrine—
> The mind within my breast.
> An image too is there—
> The soul that came from God.
> I offer ash and flowers—

[1] Barnett, *Heart of India*, p. 44.

The praises of my heart;
And all the God-made world
Is frankincense and myrrh.
And thus where'er I go
I ever worship God." [1]

Our last two stanzas from this same collection will, as Barnett puts it, tempt the inexperienced reader to wonder whether Shiva-Vakyar was not a worshipper at the local Christian Church.

"When Thou didst make me, Thou didst know my all:
But I knew not of Thee. 'Twas not till light
From Thee brought understanding of Thy ways
That I could know. But now where'er I sit,
Or walk, or stand, Thou art for ever near.
Can I forget Thee? Thou art mine, and I
Am only Thine. E'en with these eyes I see,
And with my heart perceive, that Thou art come
To me as lightning from the lowering sky.

If thy poor heart but choose the better part,
And in this path doth worship only God,
His heart will stoop to thine, will take it up
And make it His. One heart shall serve for both." [2]

We come later to Tulsi Dās, the poet seer of the age of Elizabeth, whose *Rāmāyana* is still the Bible of the Hindi-speaking world. In this poem Tulsi teaches "that there is one Supreme Being; that sin is hateful, not because it defiles the sinner, but because it is incompatible with that Supreme Being; that man is by nature infinitely sinful and unworthy of salvation; that nevertheless the Supreme Being in his infinite mercy became incarnate in the person of Rāma to relieve the world of sin; that this Rāma

[1] Gover, *Folk Songs of Southern India*, pp. 170-1 (quoted in *Heart of India*, pp. 91, 92).
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 178.

has returned to Heaven and is there as Rāma now; that mankind has therefore a god who is not only infinitely merciful, but who knows by actual experience how great are man's infirmities and temptations, and who, though Himself incapable of sin, is ever ready to extend His help to the sinful being that calls upon Him."[1] Verily, Tulsi was not far from the Kingdom of God!

Kabīr, weaver and Muhammadan, convert of a Hindu teacher, sings of his soul's discovery with no uncertain note:—

"Turning away from the world, I have forgotten both caste and lineage;
My weaving is now in the infinite Silence.
. . . .
My heart being pure I have seen the Lord;
Kabīr, having searched and searched himself, hath found God within him.

God cannot be obtained by offering one's weight in gold;
But I have purchased Him with my soul,
By my devotion God came to me, as I sat at home."[2]

Following the stream of Vaishnavite prophecy lower down, we come to Tukārām, the mystic psalmist of Mahārāshtra in the seventeenth century. The remedy of all our troubles, Tuka says, is God.

"I know Thy faith; I have grasped Thy feet. I will not let them go; I will not take anything to let them go. I have clung to them so long that Thou wilt find it an old affair and a perplexing one to get rid of me. Tuka says, I will not let Thee go, not if Thou givest me all else. . . . The mother understands the child's secret, his joys, his

[1] *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, Vol. ii. p. 418.
[2] Macauliffe, *Sikh Religion*, Vol. vi. pp. 260, 152.

griefs, and all his actions. He who lends support to a blind man, he understands his purposes. He who has set a suppliant behind him, he knows how to protect him. If one holds the girdle of a man in the water, he takes him over the stream without fatigue. Tuka says, If a man has entrusted his life to Vithobā, he knows his condition." "He fastens us to his waist-cloth, and takes us quickly over the stream of the world. Greatly he desires his worshippers, and looks around in every quarter for them. Tuka says, He is a sea of mercy, he satisfies abundantly the desire of all." "The child on his mother's shoulder finds no weariness; other notions of God's dealings should be swept away." "Tuka says, We sit on his hip, hence we have full confidence."[1] "I have had enough of running, . . . now take me on Thy hip; do not make me walk any more." "Tuka says, It is our own unsteadiness that prevents us from fixing our thoughts on Him."[2]

And if we would satisfy ourselves that the spirit that inspired these writers is not dead in India, we have only to turn to Rabindranath Tagore, the Bengali poet of to-day:—

> "Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
>
> When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
>
> Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
>
> My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost."[3]

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[1] Those who have seen Indian children so riding will know the safety and sense of contentment and security that Tuka means to convey.

[2] *Tukārām*, Nos. 675, 311, 315, 651, 656, 1987, 566 (quoted by T. R. Glover). See also Appendix A, p. 244.

[3] *Gitanjali*, 10.

With what wealth of adoration will Christian India enrich the Church's treasuries of devotion!

III. The Indian Character

And it is the same spirit that has cast its spell upon very much of the Indian character. Of course religion is very far from being the only formative element in Indian character. The climate makes straight for simplicity of life. A minimum of clothing and the simplest shelter overhead from sun and rain are all that is needed in many parts of the land. A mud floor, four walls of mud or matting, and a thatched or tiled roof are home sufficient almost anywhere. Doors and windows are mostly superfluous, gaps and spaces do instead. A single cloth for clothing; a single bamboo bed (or not even that) for sleeping; a leaf for a dinner plate; a brass water pot and some earthen utensils for the kitchen; and man and house are furnished all complete.

In a striking passage, Tagore contrasts the effect on character of the Greek and Mediæval habit of life within city walls, and the Indian pastoral settlements spreading out freely amid the fertile jungle. The European, he says, seeks to acquire and conquer, and to "subdue" nature, as though living in a hostile world. The Indian wants not to acquire, but to realize, to enlarge his consciousness by growing into his friendly surroundings.

Certainly nature in the jungle is bountiful. You may almost pick your day's meal off the trees. The soil to a plough which only scratches surface

deep will yield two and three crops a year and never ask manure. But it is not all bounty. The rains will fail one year, and the unthrifty people be plunged into the horrors of a famine. These alternations between the easy gift of enough and overwhelming calamity tend to produce a soft and unenterprising passivity of character.

And nature, with her sudden desolating visitations of pestilence and famine, sweeping away helpless myriads in a few months, has certainly helped to breed in the Indian that calm dignity of patience inexhaustible which to the end of the chapter will be the wonder and the admiration of all who know the East. It is one of the first, as it will surely be one of the last, impressions India makes on you. You approach some road-side station on a branch line. The platform is one solid mass of seething humanity, for a religious *mela* is in progress in the neighbourhood. The train steams in. A few hundred find accommodation; and the train moves out again, leaving the platform seemingly as crowded as before. And ere you are round the corner, you see them settling down again quite quietly to wait another twenty-four hours till the next train comes along, perhaps to find that too as full as this, and wait again. We salute you, O people of patience! And at home we are ruffled if the slightest hitch occurs to delay us a few minutes in our bustling plans! As the Indian will tell you: the good man, like God, is never in a hurry: he has all eternity before him.[1]

[1] Eternity apart, Hindu reckonings of time reduce the difference of a century or two more or less to proper insignificance. We

It is in India that one learns the reserves of strength and dignity that are the content of true meekness. It is said that in the time of the Indian Mutiny there was a Sannyāsi who had kept absolute silence for twelve or fifteen years in order that he might find God. A British soldier passing by, apparently through sheer blood-thirstiness, bayoneted him. As he died he looked up at the soldier, and broke his long silence with the words, "And thou too art He."

None who have lived amongst Indian villagers or India's students but have learned to love them for their gentleness and courtesy. Rudeness is a thing one hardly ever meets in India. Indian hospitality, in its grace, its courtesy, its lavishness, its generosity, has no peer among the nations of the West. Refinement seems innate. It is a pleasure to mark their quiet dignity of mien and gait. Especially is this true of the Indian woman. She carries herself like a queen; largely, it is said, because trained from childhood to carry weights upon her head. But the grace and modesty of India's womanhood needs no arguing. Every observer has remarked it. The quiet deference of the Hindu student, the stately manners of the old-time gentleman, all a-rustle in white muslin, are unmatched in the West. Gaucherie is all but unknown. If you want to have a thing done prettily and with consummate grace, have it done by an Indian! This

are told that the first Jaina to attain salvation lived 100,000,000,000,000 *palya* ago. Now a *palya* is the length of time it would take to empty a well a mile square full of fine hairs, if one hair was pulled out every century!

side of his make-up constitutes no small element in the winsomeness of the Indian student (aye, and of the villager likewise), and goes far to account for the way he has of twining himself round one's affections.

Even more is this due to his own affectionate disposition. It is a treat to watch a man in India playing with a baby. He is always perfectly at home with children, and they with him. No Indian father is ever ashamed to be seen minding the bairns. And they are devoted sick-nurses. An Indian who is sick, unless he be thrown among entire strangers, will never lack those to sit up with him at night. Frequently my students ask leave for the night to go and nurse a friend. Here at least they never spare themselves, though their devotion is not always according to knowledge. An English nurse of considerable experience in a mixed hospital, remarked to me the other day: "But they are far better than we to their sick folk. I see the difference here. They'll do anything for them."

One soon discovers that India has another scale of virtues than the British. A little experiment by interrogation will reveal that for the British the two cardinal virtues are truth and courage, pluck and straightness. The emphasis in India is elsewhere. The good man is known supremely by gentleness and patience. These are the twin fruits of that other-worldliness which is India's fundamental admiration. The good man with a hot temper or who gets excited is, to the Indian's understanding, as bewilderingly impossible a combination as is to

every honest Briton the good man who tells lies. Both ideals are one-sided. But in the incidence of its emphasis, which comes nearest to the Christian scale, as we find it in St Paul's epistles? "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control."

Not that Hindu India actually produces this rich fruit of grace in its purity and perfection. Even in the long-suffering and meekness to which she seems to come most near, there is an underlying strain of selfishness, of flabby indifference, of pessimistic submission to the inevitable, of moral inertia, which differentiates the mildness of the East from the strong deliberate endurance, the strenuous purposefulness, the all-sacrificing concern for the interest of others only, which are the glory of the patience and the gentleness of Jesus. But these are the things the East admires. These are the qualities for which she has an almost limitless capacity. That which makes one so wroth with Hinduism is that it has perverted and turned to barrenness so rich a soil. But "the desert shall blossom as a rose." And the instinctive admiration of the Indian heart reveals something of the nature of the noble harvest which the seed of the Gospel shall one day produce in this land.

Christian India will re-discover to us the strength of patience, the grandeur of gentleness, the nobility of meekness, the dignity of submissiveness, the glory of humility. Shall we need the lesson less when this war shall have re-emphasized for us the essential Anglo-Saxon virtues of truth and courage?

"Sir, the meek may inherit the earth," said an Indian student when reading the Sermon on the Mount with his Christian teacher, "but if you tell an Englishman he's meek, he'll feel insulted." Shall we need Indian Christianity to illuminate for us the glory of one end of the scale of virtues as the war has cast its halo round the other? Never more than in the immediate future shall we need to recover the balance of the Christian graces.

There always hangs about the Indian ideal the shimmer of other-worldliness, the haze of a spirituality that has gone wrong in content and direction rather than in exaltedness of aim. The truth is, Hinduism has tended to become a discipline of the emotions rather than of the will. A picture shall illustrate for us at once the nobility and the fatuity of the Indian point of view.

Accompanied by my Hindu football team, I was visiting the monastery of an order of ascetics built upon the cliffs that edge the Ganges opposite Allahabad. Squatting on the roof of the topmost room, we found a venerable monk, one of whose legs was covered by a revolting sore far advanced in decomposition. His face was aglow with benign serenity. We urged him to go to the dispensary across the river. "Why should I go? If God wishes it He can heal me here." "But God has sent a doctor to heal you there. And He has given you sense to know that if you stay here much longer, you will die." "And why should I not die, if my time has come?" "But you know the irreligiousness of Allahabad. If you live, you can help to bring many to seek after God." "Sahib, does God

need me to do His work in the hearts of men ? ” And I knew my Hindu companions felt in their heart of hearts that the old man had reached higher in the things of the spirit than we who sought to teach him. Unable to get behind the serenity and the hopelessness of this fatalism, we moved sadly away. And as we turned back from the river's edge for a last look at the monastery, there over the sands, silhouetted against the setting sun, we saw the figure of the old man with hand uplifted waving us his benediction. There is stuff in India worth rescuing for Christ, a great treasury of spiritual powers which, purified and rightly directed, may be turned from their present waste to the enrichment of mankind.

IV. The Dark Side of Indian Religion

Hitherto our attention has been, quite deliberately, on one side of the picture. It is time now to turn to the other that we may get nearer reality.

India's spiritual history is the world's tragedy of religion. A nation that for so many centuries has sought God with unmeasured sacrifice and is still unsatisfied ! What is so tragic as the earnestness of unsuccessful search ? Here is a people with a limitless capacity for spiritual service and devotion, with a heart hungry for God, that in its real soul has cared and lived for nothing but religion. And yet, for all her religiousness, India is still ignorant of the living God, knowing neither His awful holiness, nor the true glory of His gracious love. Thus it has actually come to pass that in order to find what

is vilest and most abominable in the India of to-day, you must go to her religion.

Of the giant evils that stalk through India four hold terrible pre-eminence. And first idolatry.

In India worship is almost always idolatrous. The temples, some architecturally magnificent and vast, like those of Madura and Tanjore, some petty and squalid to a degree, are not places of congregational worship. True, the temples may be crowded on some festal day. But it is a crowd of separate worshippers, each on his own intent, not a congregation assembled for united prayer. For the most part the interior of the temple is messy, dark and in bad repair. They are not churches but shrines which house the image, hideous or shapeless, but never beautiful, of the god. Thither resort at any time of day those who wish to pray for child or success or some material boon. You may see them pass silently in, bow low before the image, pour over it their bowl of water, or make their offering of flowers or food, walk round the ambulatory and then withdraw. When the offering is made the priest will pull the temple bell. The passer-by reverently salutes the image as he passes it.

The official service of the god is rendered by the priests. Morning and evening it is announced by the clanging of the temple bell, but no congregation gathers. In the morning the priests wake the deity, give him a bath, offer him perfume and flowers, burn incense before him, and give him food and drink. If it is hot a fan will be waved over him. At night he is put to bed and the shrine is closed.

No image is of any use for worship till the deity

has been introduced into it. The priest performs a ceremony over it, using sacred formulæ of magic power, and thereby brings the god into the statue. The two names by which the ceremony is described signify "quickening," the bringing in of life, or of the god, into the image.

One of the commonest defences of idolatry in India is that the idol is not god, but a mere symbol. Why, then, the ceremony of "quickening"? Or that it is legitimate to worship the image, for God is everywhere. "But if God is in the image merely in the same way as He is in any ordinary stone, what is the reason for worshipping that particular stone more than any other? Why is it carved into the shape of a man? And why, in the name of everything, is food offered to it?"[1] Moreover, different images of the same god are regarded as different persons. The life of Rāmānuja records a quarrel between two images of Vishnu as to which was to have the honour of the philosopher's services.

The attraction of idolatry is, of course, that the worshipper can go and actually see the god he worships. He has him, close by, in the temple, at hand—and therefore, may we add, not in his heart? On the other hand the most deadly issue of idolatry is seen in the incapacity of even the more educated members of this race, so gifted for abstract thought, to conceive God in prayer apart from some definite shape and form; an incapacity of which every missionary to students has constant evidence. If idolatry is an education designed gradually to lead simple people to a more spiritual worship, it

[1] Farquhar, *Crown of Hinduism*, p. 337.

has not in all these ages got its pupils beyond the infant classes.

Next in the catalogue of India's arch-evils comes the inhuman tyranny of caste. Caste is the one supreme authority in India. To it everything else must bow. And caste divides India into 2,378 water-tight compartments, the members of which may not eat with one another, nor intermarry. In origin caste is, as its very name, *Varna,* indicates, the apotheosis of the colour-bar. We have our classes in the West; but they are fluid, and have no religious sanction. In India religion consecrates the arrangement.

But more, caste is a pontifical denial of the brotherhood of man. Nothing has ever equalled the Satanic ingenuity of this device for keeping permanently submerged the depressed classes of society. Religion plants its heel on them and says: "Ye shall not rise." Says Govinda Dās, a Hindu apologist: "Hindu polity is based on an oligarchy buttressed by slavery. . . . The vast mass of Hindus have been long kept under a spiritual, social and economical serfage, heartbreaking to contemplate."[1] An actual difference of soul divides the classes of society.

Four great families of souls, each later split into innumerable castes, issue from Brahma,[2] and are eternally distinct throughout their endless re-births on earth. The necessity of finding a place for those outside and below Hindu society has led to the constitution of a fifth class, Panchāmas (outcastes,

[1] *Hinduism and India,* Intro., pp. vii and viii.

[2] Chapter I., p. 12.

pariahs, untouchables), numbering one-sixth of the population of India. We are not told from what part of Brahma these emanate, but it must be lower than his feet; that place is already appropriated by the Sūdra! The real truths of religion may not be taught to any but the top three classes. No man may marry above or below his caste. A man's social obligations are confined to his own caste. The most gifted member of the lower orders may not rise above his hereditary work. He is eternally barred from any lift in the social scale.

Not the touch alone, even the proximity of a Panchāma defiles a Brahman. The books define thirty yards as the limit within which the infection operates. See that unkempt creature plunge from the high road into the jungle at the side, and lift his arms and cry "Unclean, unclean!" He is a Panchāma who has caught sight of a Brahman on the road whom he must not at any price defile. The Panchāma may not use the public well or enter a Hindu temple. He may not even walk down the streets of the Brahman quarter in a village. He slinks about, a leper among men. He has no ennobling ambition. He does not wish to rise. He accepts unquestioningly the degradation imposed upon him by society.

Hardly less deadly to the soul is the arrogant conceit this system breeds in the Brahman's heart. It would be amusing, were it not so sad, to mark the assured superiority with which the Brahman boy of eight and nine years old looks at you when you pass him in the street.

Caste was in origin the desperate effort of the

white Aryan invaders to save themselves from contamination by intermarriage with the dark-skinned aborigines. Its form was given it by an industrial classification of society. It admirably served the purpose of a trade guild or trades union. It has saved India from social and industrial upheaval and the cut-throat strife of competition. It obviates the need for any poor law. It creates a public opinion that requires rigid conformity with the caste's code of social convention. Only the conventions are seldom moral.

For evil is a physical thing. Touch defiles, not vicious morals. Of two brothers, the adulterer may live and feed at home: the Christian of blameless character is expelled. Breach of the ten commandments will not exclude a man from caste: but let him drink water touched by a man of lower caste, and he is instantly exiled from society. Cognizance of *e.g.* adultery, is sometimes taken; but the Census Report notices the following as the most common offences dealt with by caste tribunals: (1) eating, drinking, or smoking with a member of an inferior caste; (2) killing cows; (3) murder; (4) getting maggots; (5) being beaten by a man of lower caste; (6) abusing or beating relatives held in reverence; (7) following prohibited occupations; (8) breach of caste etiquette, such as leaving a dinner party before others have finished; (9) naming or touching relatives who should not be named or touched.[1] In the higher castes the offences now punished are: (1) Sea-voyage, and (2) Dining with one outside the caste.

[1] *Census of India*, Vol. I., Part I., pp. 392-3.

Nothing could well be more destructive of conscience than a system such as this. Nine Hindus out of ten would be far more horrified to discover they had drunk water from the hands of a man of lower caste, than to be detected in a lie or petty theft. Caste divorces morality from religion. Caste, representing the unanimous and tyrannically enforced opinion of the whole of his society, is the thing a Hindu supremely fears; and it tells him every day that moral lapses are insignificant beside breaches of etiquette. Three years ago in a town in the North-west of India a Brahman child fell into a well. All the men of the family were away, and the women were unable to reach the child. A sweeper (untouchable) ran up and offered to go down the well and rescue the child, but his services were spurned, and the child was allowed to drown. Better death than defilement of child and well by the touch of a sweeper! [1]

This is the system which dooms to inhuman degradation and perpetual slavery fifty millions of India's inhabitants. Says Sir Rabindranath Tagore: "The regeneration of the Indian people, to my mind, directly and perhaps solely depends upon the removal of this condition of caste." [2] He does not explain how it is to be detached from the religion which expressly sanctions and enjoins it in its most sacred scriptures, the *Laws of Manu,* and the *Bhagavad Gītā.*

The third of the monster evils that disfigure India is the degradation of woman. As this will come up

[1] Nihal Singh, *Contemporary Review,* March 1913, p. 376.

[2] Andrews, *Renaissance of India,* p. 185.

for fuller treatment in a later chapter it will be enough now to summarize the disabilities of woman in the Hindu system. Spiritually she belongs to an inferior order. It is because of sin in a former life that she has been born a woman. Therefore, even if she be of Brahman caste, she may not hear the Vedas recited, and she may not eat with her husband. He is her god: "bowing not before the gods, but before her husband."[1] Manu says, "A wife who has committed faults may be beaten with a rope, or a split bamboo."[2] This belief naturally led to widespread female infanticide, only put down by the British Government. But in actual life woman often takes a leading part.

Polygamy, though rarer now, is permitted, and in certain cases enjoined. In 1912 the civilized world was startled by the announcement that the daughter of the enlightened Gaekwar of Baroda was to become the second wife of the Mahārājā Scindia of Gwalior; but the engagement was afterwards cancelled. In living memory the Kulin Brahmans of Bengal used to marry scores of wives. Even now a husband has only to threaten to take a second wife to reduce his wife to abject servility and compliance with all his wishes.

The law of Manu explicitly requires that a girl shall be married before puberty.[3] Motherhood quickly follows. But child-marriage introduces graver evils than this. The last Census revealed that there were in India 1,014 widows less than one year old! There were 335,000 widows under fifteen

[1] See Barnett, *Heart of India*, p. 105.

[2] *The Laws of Manu*, chap. viii. 299.

[3] *Ibid.*, chap. ix. 88.

years of age, of whom 17,700 were not even five years old. And a widow may never marry. She must live a life of severe austerity, generally as the household drudge. Until a hundred years ago she might escape by *sati*, that is by being burned alive upon her husband's funeral pyre. There is that in *sati* which enshrines exalted ideals of wifely fidelity. A leading Indian Christian convert, a member of the Indian Legislative Council, said the other day: "I am searching for my mother's *sati*-ground. When I have found it, I shall erect a shrine upon it." But no similar devotion is looked for in the husband. Even when *sati* was not enforced upon an unwilling girl, it was often her only refuge from a fate yet worse. Widows are the principal source from which the (appallingly large) class of prostitutes in India is recruited. The Census of 1911 revealed that one out of every sixteen adult Indian women in Calcutta was a prostitute. And, in Bengal, the small country town which has not its row of houses of ill-fame would be hard to find.

But we have not yet reached the worst. Vice and iniquity prevail wherever man is found. Christendom has enough and to spare of sin and shame. But at least it can be said that in Christian Europe these things exist in spite of, and not because of, religion. Christianity anyhow is pledged to a truceless war with evil in every shape and form. There are unsavoury stories in the Old Testament, but there the deed of shame is only mentioned to be condemned. The terrible thing in Hinduism is that religion consecrates evil and enshrines it in

the very heart of its theology and devotional practices.

These paragraphs are very painful writing. With all his heart the writer wishes truth permitted their omission. With the exception of quotations from Farquhar and Hopkins, authorities beyond all cavil, and statements drawn from the writer's own personal observation, what follows will be derived almost exclusively from Hindu sources.

Of the gods of the Indian pantheon, Farquhar writes: "Had there been one gust of pure moral air blown from Brahma (the Monistic THAT), these unworthy stories about the gods, with their lusts and quarrels, their facile nymphs sent to draw ascetics into sin, their adultery and incest, their shameful fears and terrors, their spites and lies and revenges, would have been banished into oblivion." [1]

The divine incarnation that has the widest vogue in India, and by far the largest crowd of devotees, is Srī Krishna. Yet, in the literature which is accepted in their sects as inspired, he is represented as having been guilty of lies, deceit, theft, murder, and limitless adultery.[2] His greatest devotee, Chaitanya, teaches that his liaisons are to be the theme of holiest meditation.[3] Granted that for Chaitanya and his circle this dangerous allegory was free of gross suggestion, it can hardly but be fraught with peril to thousands of his followers. Christian erotic literature sometimes borders on the sensual; but that sensual is never illicit and immoral.

Says the *Bhāgavata Purāna*: "The transgression

[1] Farquhar, *Crown of Hinduism*, p. 396. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 395.
[3] *Chaitanya-char-ami* (tr. Sarkar), p. 68.

of virtue and the daring acts which are witnessed in gods must not be charged as faults to these glorious persons."[1] Rāmānuja, when refusing to copy the example of his god, Vishnu, says, "We are like the chaste Queen and cannot do as the Lord doth."[2]

The Hindu apologist, Govinda Dās, who to his high credit recognizes that fearless exposure of its cancerous sores is the necessary preliminary to any true reform of Hinduism, writes: "The Paundarika sacrifice is so grossly indecent that no modern pen may describe it, though it has been performed in quite modern times."[3] And again, speaking of the *Mantras*, or sacred verses, ordered to be recited by all parents on the occasion of conception, the same Hindu writer adds: "As far as one can see, there is no trace of religion in them, but instead they are full of obscenity which would not be possible to utter in the vernaculars for very shame."[4]

Happily these *Mantras*, if still used, are in Sanskrit and therefore probably unintelligible to the laity. Writing of the nameless orgies of the left-handed *Shāktas*, a large cult in Bengal, the same Hindu authority says: "Nothing but nervous breakdowns and bestiality of character can result from such foul depravity masquerading as religion."[5] In the law-courts of Bombay in 1860 a no less revolting story was unfolded in regard to the Vallabhā sect of Krishnaites.[6]

[1] *Bhāgavata Purāna*, X., xxxiii. 30-35.

[2] Govindāchārya, *Divine Wisdom of the Drāvida Saints*, p. 198.

[3] *Hinduism and India*, p. 13. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 96. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 127.

[6] The *Tantras* or Sacred Scriptures of the Left-handed *Shāktas* prescribe the use of women and wine as two of the five elements

To this day troops of dancing girls who are called *devadāsis*, servants of the god, and who now and then do take part in the ritual, but whose real occupation is prostitution, are connected with most of the great temples of the South and West, and do immeasurable harm. Women scour the country and adopt or buy little girls to bring them up to this infamous life.[1] Near the great temple of Jagannāth at Puri I have seen little girls of six and ten, hardly clothed except with jewellery, whose bold faces showed they were being trained for the hideous life to which, through marriage to the god, they had been dedicated. It made one shudder, turned one almost sick. Male prostitutes are attached to some temples in Western India.

It is impossible to describe the foul carvings of unthinkable obscenity which disfigure some of the temples in Madras and Benares (I speak only of those I have seen), and which have to be exempted from prosecution for indecency by special provision of the Indian Penal Code. It made one boil with indignation to see little children gazing at these abominations: right in the most sacred presence of the god. And Hindu public opinion (aye, and that of Hindu apologists, like Mrs Besant) is tolerant, supine, instead of calling a crusade to

of worship. The former includes nude debauches of promiscuous intercourse, covering even incest. See Hopkins, *Religions of India*, pp. 491-2. The priests of the Vallabhā sect require the women of the sect to surrender their persons to them as Krishna's representatives, and claim the *jus primæ noctis*. What gives these excesses their unenviable distinction as contrasted with occasional outbreaks of bestiality elsewhere is their long continuance under recognized religious sanction.

[1] Farqhuar, *Crown of Hinduism*, p. 397.

sweep these abominations off the face of the earth.

There is much that must remain untold. Part of it had been written down, but my pen has gone through it. It is too painful, too appalling, too impossible. Suffice it to say that the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans is true to-day of the things that are done in India in the name of religion.

But once again let it be said that very much of this terrible catalogue of vice and degradation could be paralleled in Christian Europe. There is not much to choose between the slums of Birmingham and Calcutta. Unregenerate human nature is probably much the same thing everywhere. If human stuff seems feebler in the East, it is probably more brutal in the West. For myself, I think I have felt the Indian more "lovable" in the lump than folk closer of kin. Indian character has in it faculties which, developed and perfected in Christ, will make for a completer manifestation of Christian manhood and womanhood in some directions than anything we have yet had. But the real difference lies not there. It is a difference, not between Europe and Asia, the Englishman and the Bengali, but between Christianity and Hinduism, Christ and Krishna.

The terrible thing in India is that the evil things are not only done, but justified. Religion is often a reason for them, not against them. There is an immeasurable gulf between the ideals and the practices of Christendom. Therein lies the hope that we shall rise. All the time Christ stands utterly above us, calling us up. Hinduism is hope-

less because, as a whole, it sets before a man an ideal no better, sometimes worse, than himself. It drags men's ideals down to the level of their practices. It makes its gods in the image of man, and often of very beastly man. I say "Hinduism," in spite of all that is noble and beautiful in that religion, because it has in itself no fan to separate its own wheat from its chaff, no test by which to select the good (and there is infinitely much of good in Hinduism) and to condemn the evil (of which too, alas, there is also infinitely much).

There is philosophy in India, notably in the school of Rāmānuja, which the Church may find as akin to truth as the philosophies of Plato and of Aristotle. There is epic as inspiring as the legends of King Arthur. There are sacred lyrics which will enrich the Church's Psalmody. There are ideals of unworldliness and sacrifice, of patience and of gentleness, which are only waiting to be perfected in Jesus Christ. There is a steadfast refusal of materialism and a heroic cleaving to spiritual values which can but strengthen the Church's faith. There are prophetic adumbrations of the glory of the Incarnation which prove the inevitableness of the Christ.

But these are overlaid, exaggerated, befouled, corrupted, contradicted till they lose all saving value. India needs saving from its religion, not because it is all bad, far from it; but because it is mixed, and cannot unmix itself. India waits for Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER III

A MEDLEY OF RELIGIONS

WHAT is the explanation of this strange amalgam of good and evil? Whence comes the co-existence of this unworldliness, this passionate fervour of devotion, this instinct of spirituality, this limitless capacity for religion and for sacrifice, along with the materialism of idolatry, the inhuman tyranny of caste, the degradation of women, and the revolting grossness of obscenity? The fact of their seeming coherence in a single system baffles and bewilders our understanding. What is the fountain from which issue these perplexingly mingled streams of sweet and bitter, pure and foul?

I. WHAT IS HINDUISM?

The answer lies in the history of Hinduism and its amazing complexity of content. And what is Hinduism? A few years ago twenty-five recognized Hindu leaders were asked that question at a time when vital political issues hung upon the answer. Only seven could agree, and their reply was this: "It is enough if you are born of Hindu parents, and have not been converted to another faith." [1]

[1] *Essentials of Hinduism*, p. 75; also pp. 8, 41, 43, 60, 64, 86.

The answer contains a *petitio principii*, and does not tell one very much. One of the seven illuminatingly adds: "There are *no* essentials in Hinduism, either of belief or practice."[1] Another, equally accommodating, declares: "We must content ourselves with saying that any and every one is a Hindu, who (1) does not insist he is a non-Hindu, or more positively believes and says he is a Hindu, and (2) accepts any of the many beliefs and follows any of the many practices that are everywhere regarded as included in Hinduism. Ultimately it all comes to a name."[2]

And yet there are some things so widely true of Hinduism as to come near furnishing the material for a definition. Acceptance of the Vedas; reverence for Brahmans; regard for the cow; observance of caste; belief in *Karma*[3] and reincarnation: these are all but universal. But you may reject one or all of these and still remain a Hindu; just as you may have no arms or legs or eyes and yet be human. Still, there is something about Hinduism which, if undefinable, is yet utterly characteristic and quite unmistakable. Hinduism, when alive, is a spirit, an atmosphere, an attitude to life; and the distinctive qualities of that spirit are indifference to the world and things material, fatalism and gentleness.

On the other hand, it may with equal truth be said that Hinduism is not a religion, but a social system. You are born into it, and only by deliberate renunciation can you get outside it. Be your views

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 44. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 34, 35.
[3] See pp. 76-80.

what they may—atheist or polytheist, pantheist or monotheist—you are still a Hindu. But "social system" is too narrow. The society is organized by caste, as Christianity is organized by the Church. But an outcasted Hindu is a Hindu still.

Disregarding a multitude of lesser contributories, we may say that Hinduism is the conglomerate resulting from two chief sources: the faith the Aryan invaders brought with them from across the Himālayas and the practices of the aboriginal inhabitants of the land. "Hinduism is just the marriage of the ancient Brahmanical thought and law with the popular cults." As the latter will receive consideration in a separate chapter, we shall here confine ourselves mainly to the first.

II. The Early Religion

The religion of the Aryan was a very simple thing. It had many affinities with the primitive religion of the ancient Greek. We derive our knowledge of it from collections of hymns, the oldest of which, containing 1,028 hymns, is known as the *Rig-Veda*. All Aryan dates are matter of conjecture; but let us say that some of those hymns may date back to B.C. 1500, by which time the earliest stream of Indo-Aryans had perhaps separated from their Persian brethren in the steppes of Central Asia, and had crossed over the Himālayas into the Indus valley.

They were a sunny, nomad people, pastoral and agricultural and warlike too; organized on the patriarchal system; worshipping the powers of

nature, whom they personified, without temples or images. Heaven, Sky, Sun, Storm, Thunder, Dawn and Fire appear as Dyauspita (Jupiter), Varuna (Uranus), Sūrya, Indra, Rūdra, Ushas, Agni (ignis). The worship consists in sacrifice, including human sacrifice and the sacrifice of the cow. It is frankly commercial. Sacrifice is a method of bargaining with the gods, to induce them to grant the material and earthly goods desired: fruitful harvest, wealth, children, cows and health. They were ignorant of writing, ate beef, and drank intoxicants.

One figure stands out noble and pre-eminent in this early pantheon. August and exalted in righteousness, if somewhat shadowy in outline, Varuna (the *οὐράνος* of the Greeks) might almost have become an Indian Jehovah. As the firmament, he is the supreme upholder of law, both moral and physical, in the world. Every hymn to Varuna includes a prayer for forgiveness. But the hope that Varuna might have become the god of an ethical monotheism soon fades away. After the *Rig-Veda* he himself disappears from sight. And no one takes his place. Never again does Hinduism strike the clear moral note of a God of righteousness. The rest of the gods are as human, as immoral, and as quarrelsome as the gods of Greece and Rome.

The early Aryans were thus a race of polytheistic nature-worshippers. But the worshipper often has a way of ignoring for the time being the other gods, and regarding the particular deity he is addressing as the only one. But among the later hymns of the collection we discover, amidst this crowd of poly-

theists, an individual here and there feeling his way towards faith in the unity of God.

> "They call Him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni . . .
> To what is One, sages give many a title." [1]

The *Rig-Veda* is the oldest Indian literature. It was probably completed a little before the time of Elijah the Prophet, somewhere in the ninth century B.C. Almost parallel with it are three similar collections of hymns known as the *Sāma-Veda*, *Yajur-Veda*, and *Atharva-Veda*. The last of these shows that the Aryan invaders had much in common with the aboriginal practices they encountered. It is a collection of charms, incantations and witchcrafts; formulæ of malediction against "those whom I hate and who hate me"; magical verses to obtain children, to prolong life, to dispel evil magic, to guard against poison, etc. "Even to-day in modern India," says a Hindu writer, "these simple sorceries have not been killed out, but form part and parcel of the life of the people from the lowest to the highest. No household is free from them, not even in enlightened Bengal, and daily things take place with the cognisance of the graduate head of the family, which he would blush to acknowledge." [2]

Arid and soul-destroying was the period of priestcraft that succeeded the age of the Vedic hymns. The next stratum in Sanskrit literature is the Brāhmanas, dreary collections of sacrificial and sacerdotal lore. The object of the sacrifices is to

[1] *Rig-Veda*, I. clxiv. 46.

[2] Govinda Dās, *Hinduism and India*, p. 10.

compel the gods to grant the material boons desired. And so the Brahmans, who alone know how to perform them accurately, become masters of the gods. Thus was laid the foundation of incomparably the most enduring despotism the world has ever seen, that domination of the Brahman caste which has held India in servitude for three thousand years, and still binds it to-day. The depths of moral obtuseness to which the externalism fostered by the Brahmans can lead is instanced in one of the most popular of later Scriptures: "The betrayer of friends, the ungrateful, he who lies with his teacher's wife, the slayer of a Brahman, all these are absolved by the dedication of a bull." [1]

III. The Philosophy of Hinduism

So much for ancient history. We are now ready to take a survey of Hinduism as it is to-day. The religion of any Hindu you meet will have three aspects; the philosophic notions that underlie it, the general beliefs he inherits, and the gods he worships. We shall look at these in turn.

We have said that Hinduism is, finally, a spirit, an atmosphere, an attitude to life. And the Hindu spirit is largely the product of the Hindu philosophy. Not that all, or even many, Hindus are philosophers. But, through Brahman influence and teaching, the chief doctrines of their schools have so permeated the whole world of Indian thought and affected all classes of society that the ruling ideas of Hindu

[1] *Garuda Purāna Saroddhāra*, xii. 52.

philosophy supply the background, the atmosphere, of religious thought and feeling everywhere.

The starting-point of that philosophy is to be found in the Upanishads, which, with the hymns of the four Vedas and the Brāhmanas, complete the inspired canon of Hinduism (called *Sruti*, "hearing," as being what the seers heard from God).

The supreme deliverance of these daring speculations is the tremendous assertion of the identity of the human soul (*ātmā*) and the world-soul (Brahma).[1] "Thou art THAT." "Brahma is One without a second." God alone is real. The manifold universe is illusion. The dizzy summit of human thought has been reached when a man can say, "I am Brahma." In that perception lies emancipation and salvation. "He is myself within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice. . . . He is also myself within the heart and greater than all these worlds."[2] "The wise who perceive Him within their self, to them belongs eternal happiness, not to others. There is one eternal Thinker, thinking non-eternal thoughts."[3] "Unseen but seeing, unheard but hearing, unperceived but perceiving, unknown but knowing. There is no other seer . . . hearer . . . perceiver . . . knower but He. This is thy self, the ruler within, the immortal."[4]

If it be asked how the material universe came to be, the answer is: from Brahma as the web from the spider. If it be asked how the manifold universe seems real, the answer is: by illusion (*Māyā*), just

[1] See Chapter II., p. 39.
[2] *Chāndogya Upanishad*, III. xiv. 3.
[3] *Katha Upanishad*, II. v. 12, 13.
[4] *Brihadāranyaka Upanishad*, III. vii. 23.

as a man mistakes a rope for a snake. If it be asked how a soul (*ātmā*) attains its unity with Brahma, the answer is: as the drop of water becomes one with the ocean, or the air in the broken jar becomes one with the air outside.

We can trace the subtle influence of this philosophy everywhere in India. It colours all the ordinary man's thoughts about God. Religion in India always tends to be pantheistic. Union with God, not salvation from sin, is the desire of every Indian heart. This raises many problems for the missionary in his preaching. Here too is the root of Indian regard for life; and of the warm sense of the nearness of God. Hence too comes idolatry; for all is divine. And hence that strangely non-moral view of God; for is He not present in, and the doer of, everything good and bad alike?

Of course Indian philosophy has not all been of one type. Hinduism has no less than six orthodox schools of philosophy. And the most powerful of these six, called the Vedānta, is found in many forms. But there can be no doubt of it that Monism [1] has carried the day, and is the dominant influence moulding men's thoughts throughout India.

IV. The Buddhist and Jainist Movements

A fresh influence came into Hindu philosophy and religion with India's greatest son, Gautama the Buddha. He saw religion reduced either to an elaborate and expensive sacrificial system, or to a

[1] Monism is a philosophical theory that only one thing exists: in this case, God.

vague philosophical speculation. In either case, for the majority of the people the future was hopeless.[1] Born in a noble home, spiritual hunger led him to forsake all and to make the great renunciation. After years of fruitless asceticism and wandering, suffering tortures that his soul might win its peace, he suddenly received enlightenment as he sat under the Bo-tree at Gayā. This enlightenment he set forth in the Four Noble Truths.[2] The central thought revealed to him by the light from heaven was that salvation lay in freedom from desire. Desire, not only of material things but of personal existence itself, lay at the root of all human misery and suffering. The way to peace lay through the extinction of desire. With this message, and with a measure of ethical teaching much in advance of current morality, he wandered for five and forty years up and down Bihar, preaching the good news of Release by following the noble eightfold path.[3] His gracious personality and the effective organization of his bands of monks won wide influence, and ultimately, though not till after the death of Gautama, seriously threatened the domination of the Brahmans.

But Buddha's message "lacked one thing": belief in grace. And religion cannot get along without that word. The path was noble; but the flesh was weak. Calm self-control through repression of desire, kindly benevolence to all things living: the vision was beautiful, but how could sin-

[1] Howells, *The Soul of India*, p. 108.

[2] See Appendix B, p. 244.

[3] Appendix C, p. 245 (from Saunders, *Buddhist Ideals*, pp. 27-8).

ful man attain thereto? Buddha's message is at bottom atheistic. It is not Gospel, but law:

"Eschew all sin,
Good deeds begin,
Cleanse every thought,
Thus Buddha taught."[1]

God, prayer, forgiveness, grace, immortality: these words he blotted out of our vocabulary. And so, while he swept out of the life of myriads barren rite and cold philosophy and all the dominion of the Brahman priesthood, he left the house empty; swept and garnished, but without a God. A thousand years later, Hinduism was back again in full possession, with seven more evil spirits; and the last state was worse than the first.

Contemporary with Gautama, of the same warrior caste, and from the same country of Magadha, was Mahāvira, founder of Jainism. Rigorous asceticism and scrupulous abstention from the taking of life are the chief characteristics of this sect. The Jain monk has his mouth covered with a cloth, lest in breathing he should destroy insect life, and carries under his arm a broom with which to sweep the path before him, lest he should trample on some immortal soul. Of course such a creed is doomed to inconsistency. Water must be boiled lest the Jain monk take life in drinking it, but it must be boiled by someone else, that the guilt of the murder may not be his. Like Buddhism, the Jain law teaches a high, if negative, morality, and the system deserves a kindlier description than that

[1] *Dhammapada*, 183.

given it by Hopkins: a religion which teaches one "to deny God, worship man, and nourish vermin."[1]

V. General Beliefs of Hinduism: Karma

So much for philosophy, the reactions it has evoked and the atmosphere it creates for the Hinduism of to-day. We pass to the beliefs and prepossessions with which the Hindu starts, his religious stock-in-trade. And pre-eminent among these must rank the arch-dogma of *Karma,* the dark shadow whose baneful influence has become the infinitely depressing condition of all Indian religious thinking.

Karma is India's heroic effort to solve the problem of evil. It teaches that our present is the offspring of our past, and the parent of our future, and that through innumerable existences the work of expiation and reward goes on.[2] It is best understood when taken in conjunction with its twin-dogma of transmigration. And the Hindu goes the whole length in his view of transmigration. A human soul may pass in the next birth into any kind of body—from a mango tree to a Brahman. It needs to be remembered that to the Indian transmigration by no means implies a series of gradually improving bodies. On the contrary, the Hindu view is that the Universe is steadily deteriorating. Degeneration, not progress, is the prevailing order. The golden age is in the distant past. This is the evil age. The idea is that a man's body, character, capacities and

[1] Hopkins, *The Religions of India,* p. 297.
[2] Saunders, *Buddhist Ideals,* p. 14.

temperament, his birth, wealth and station, and the whole of his experience in life, whether of happiness or sorrow, together form the just recompense for his deeds, good and bad, done in earlier existences.[1] As you sow (in this life) so shall you reap (in another life). Souls are born in this life that they may reap the effects of their action in previous lives. But every act done in this life necessitates another birth in which to reap its fruits. In fact, as Professor Deussen puts it, " As fast as the clock of retribution runs down, it winds itself up again."

When the Hindu in mythological mood tells you that every soul must be born on earth 8,400,000 times, it is only a picturesque way of expressing a process which his philosophy asserts has no end, nor beginning either. And he finds the prospect most depressing, for is not life full of sadness? Evolution, progress, are meaningless terms; history presents no drama, no purposeful, majestic movement. Existence is only a cycle of endless repetitions.

Now this theory has great points. At one stroke it removes all semblance of injustice from the Universe. It explains every calamity and all the irregularities of life. God stands justified. No morality more stern and inflexible than this: sin hath never forgiveness. " As amongst a thousand cows a calf knows its own mother, so the deed done finds out the doer." To the Hindu it has this further merit that it gives a rational sanction to the caste system. A man's position in the social scale is held to be a clear index of the state of the

[1] Farquhar, *Crown of Hinduism*, p. 137.

soul.[1] A man's caste is one of the chief elements of the recompense of his past deeds. In its original form it presents an automatic system over which the deity has no control.

But it has grave consequences. God is powerless to allot to any man other than the exact recompense of his deeds. He is helpless to assist or serve us in any way. He stands by, a passive spectator, while each man unaided works out his own destiny. The Universe becomes a self-acting, soulless machine. There is no room for the Fatherhood of God. Prayer is ruled out. It can only mean an effort to catch the favour of God. Thank God, the Indian heart rises above its logic. Many of the theistic theologies give God power over the system. The teaching is inconsistent, but very significant.

Karma is anti-social. It conceives humanity as a bundle of hermetically sealed tubes, down each of which one soul lives out its solitary 8,400,000 existences, unaffecting and unaffected by the rest. Pity and philanthropy are misplaced. They only thwart justice. Each soul is reaping its own deserts. Best not interfere. I am *not* my brother's keeper.

Karma destroys the blessed hope of immortality. Death separates and hides for ever. It shatters love and marriage. Those who have loved here, unless perchance fate be wondrous kind, will be sundered by widely differing circumstances in the next birth. All those who have tried to comfort a Hindu on bereavement know the blank hopelessness of the outlook. In harmony with this belief is the squalor and desolation of a Hindu funeral. A bare

[1] Farquhar, *Crown of Hinduism*, p. 1 o.

burning patch on waste ground by the river: no service: no prayers: no reverence: no arrangement: a shouting of conflicting orders from this side or from that: the mourners squatting about in chattering groups, or wrangling over the price of the wood: and then the gruesome squalor of the actual burning.

Karma cuts the nerve of effort. "We are always making new *Karma*, and experiencing what we have made in the past. We are obliged to act now in the conditions we have created in our past; we have only the opportunity of obtaining the objects then desired, of using the capacities then created, of living in circumstances then made."[1] A man is virtually powerless in the iron grip of his own past. In spite of efforts to provide a margin in which free-will may have play, hopeless fatalism is the inevitable result. What is the use of moral effort against such odds? In *Karma* is the root of India's pessimism.

Ethically *Karma* acts as an opiate. Christianity makes our present life of critical importance. But if this life is only one of eight million existences, is it not absurd to attach much value to the paltry happenings of to-day? Can it really make much difference how I act? Moral listlessness is the result.

To *Karma*, again, is due the cramping of all philosophical speculation in India by its exclusive

[1] *Sanatana Dharma*, p. 115, a text-book of Hinduism published under Mrs Besant's direction by the Central Hindu College. Its efforts to evade the inevitable implications of Karma are admirably traversed by Mr Hogg in *Karma and Redemption*.

direction to a single end: the obtaining of release from the intolerable round of existence and rebirth on earth. The resultant impoverishment of thought shows itself not only in the realm of philosophy. It is tragic that the religious soul of India, with its measureless capacity for sacrifice and devotion, should be sterilized by the obsession of a single idea; the passionate longing for a merging in the Absolute which is indistinguishable from personal annihilation.[1]

Lastly, *Karma* has profoundly and disastrously affected Hindu theology. If not bad action only, but action of any sort, even good action, involves me in the iron chain of an endless series of rebirths, then surely inaction is the *summum bonum*. And there is no doubt that the ideal most congenial to the Indian religious instinct is still inactivity. The holy man is he who has reduced fussiness and business and activity of every kind to a minimum, who sits passionless, unmoved, indifferent to all the world around him.

The effect of this conception upon morality is obvious. The point to notice here is that it extends to God also. For God too, if He act, will come under the bondage of cause and effect, of sowing and reaping. But God must be outside the dominion of *Karma*. Therefore God must be actionless.[2]

This dogma of the inactivity of God has become axiomatic to the Indian mind. It has been rein-

[1] This is, of course, not true of the theistic sects in which devotion to a personal God, however imperfectly conceived, is the essence of religion.

[2] Except as He is conceived by the theistic sects.

forced by the further notion that desire, which is the only spring of action, is selfish and postulates incompleteness: therefore God must be without desire. The conception of the free activity of unselfish love has not appeared above the horizon of Indian thought. Brahma is a great passionless lake, whose surface is unstirred by any desire, unruffled by any breath that comes from the world of men's affairs.

Another belief with which the Hindu commences life is that his ancestors are dependent on him for nourishment in the other world. This conviction lies at the basis of the Indian family. Only the son born in caste can with due ceremony make the offerings of rice and water on which depends the nurture of his ancestors beyond the veil. Hence the sacred duty of marriage. Hence the necessity of a male heir. Hence the wonderful solidarity of the Hindu family. Hence, too, the relative inferiority of women, and the iron sanctity of caste. Women and the casteless cannot help the ancestors. Says the *Gītā*: "Confounding of caste brings the stock to hell. For the fathers fall (from Heaven) when the offerings of the cake and water to them fail." [1] These offerings are called *Shrāddhas*, and constitute the principal item in the funeral ceremonies, which extend over many days. Thereafter *Shrāddhas* are offered at stated intervals.

The contradiction between the belief underlying *Shrāddha* ceremonies, that the ancestor is in Heaven, and the implication of the system of *Karma* and transmigration, that he passes at once to a new

[1] *Bhagavad Gītā*, i. 42.

body, has often been noticed.[1] A leading Hindu authority avowed it as his opinion that transmigration is an academic belief which a Hindu thinks of as applying to other people's relatives, but never to his own. These, his own relations, he always believes to be in Heaven.

Then there is a triad of connected beliefs—or venerations—which, if not instinctive, are at least hereditary in the Indian heart. He believes the Veda to be the inspired and eternal word of God; he believes in the supremacy and authority of the Brahman priesthood (this carries with it belief in caste); and he believes in the sanctity of the cow. The origin of this last reverence is quite simple. Cattle are the source of his sustenance. The cow gives him his milk, and the bullock ploughs the fields, whence he gets the grain and vegetables that constitute his solid food.

VI. Indian Theism: Shiva: Vishnu: The Epics

But philosophy and creed are a small part of religion. What actually fills the place of God in the devotion of the Indian? Vedantic philosophy had striven to evacuate the shrine God has prepared for Himself in every human breast. But the void cried out for a Tenant and would not be silenced. Most of the gods of the *Rig-Veda* gradually passed into oblivion. But two of them, Shiva and Vishnu,

[1] The contradiction is partially mitigated by the common belief that the ancestor is in Heaven *for a short time*, before entering another body.

kept their position and gradually rose to ever greater reverence, until they dominate the whole pantheon to-day.

Shiva and Vishnu are not so much either rivals or colleagues as alternatives. The devotee of each regards him as the supreme deity, so that the belief of an intelligent Vishnuite or Shaivite is an imperfect theism. It is imperfect because he gives his god several wives and acknowledges the existence of all the other gods. If he is earnest, he bears the distinctive sign of one or other painted on his forehead.

With Vishnu and Shiva is sometimes associated a third, Brahmā, the Creator (a personal god, to be carefully distinguished from the impersonal Brahma), in a kind of Trinity. But this seems to be a refinement of the theological schools, and has never attained popular vogue. Brahmā has only two temples in the whole of India.

And yet beneath all this, bewildered but never crushed out of existence, you will find in any Indian that instinct of monotheism which is native to man. In ordinary conversation you will catch the peasant, for all his many deities, constantly speaking of "Ishwar" or "Bhagwān": which means simply "God," the one Lord of all. Press him as to the relationship between Mahādeva, *i.e.* Shiva, and Ishwar, and he will probably tell you, after much confusion and hesitation, that Mahādeva is the servant of Ishwar. But he never thought of it just that way, until you cornered him.

Shiva appears in the Vedas as Rūdra, the storm-god. He represents the earliest and universal im-

pression of Nature upon man—the impression of endless and pitiless change. He is the destroyer and rebuilder of various forms of life; he has charge of the whole circle of animated creation, the incessant round of birth and death in which all Nature eternally revolves.[1] Accordingly his emblems symbolize death and birth: a string of skulls, which he wears around his neck, and the male organ of reproduction, under which symbol he is worshipped in splendid temples and wayside shrines from one end of India to the other.

The repulsiveness of Shiva's aspect is emphasized by the terrible character of his consort, Kālī or Durgā, a malignant goddess, whose drink is blood and who delights in death and destruction. Indeed, in the Indian Olympus, the female deity seems always to be the intensification of the attributes of her god. She is the personification of his *Shakti*, or vital energy. The *Shāktas*, the horrible excesses of whose worship have been alluded to,[2] are worshippers of the *Shakti* or vitalizing energy of the goddess Kālī. Kālī is almost certainly an aboriginal goddess adopted into their system by the Brahman priesthood. Her pictures and images represent her in a riot of gore and carnage. She stands exultant upon the prostrate body of her husband (Shiva's self, who thus intervened to stop her mad career of massacre), hands, face and sword all stained with blood, a headless trunk beside her, a string of severed heads about her neck, another in her hand, her tongue protruding, thirsting for more blood. She is worshipped with the bloody sacrifice of goats. You may

[1] Lyall, *Asiatic Studies*, ii. p. 306. [2] Chapter II., pp. 62, 63.

see the horrid scene any day in twentieth-century Calcutta.

Yet this same bloody Kālī is the "gentle Mother" of Bengal to whom little children pray and to whom every patriot sings. In the heart of the cultured Bengali she calls out tenderest emotions. For she too shares in the more benign side of Shiva's energy as deity of reproduction. Some of India's sweetest and most fragrant lyrics have been inspired by the love of this dread goddess. Here is a hymn sung to her by the villagers of Bengal:

> The sorrows Thou hast sent me again and again, O Tārā,[1] and which Thou dost still send me, are all Thy mercies; I know that, O Mother, O Comforter of the Sorrowful.
>
> The Mother chastises her child for its good; that is why I bear my sorrow (on my head), Mother, my burden of sorrow.
>
> O Mother, Saviour of the humble, refuge of them that fly to Thee, I have lost Thee because I am worthless and there is no good in me.
>
> I am thy bird, Mother, Thou art training me. I only learn what Thou dost teach me—Thou hast taught me to say "Tārā"—so I am calling to Thee "Tārā," "Tārā."

Strange to say, it is this same Shiva, in some aspects so forbidding, who is lord of the passionate devotion of millions among every class in India. It is he who has evoked the tenderest affection and adoring trust that shine out in some of the most exquisite gems of India's religious poetry.[2] On his severer side, he is the special deity of the majority of India's ascetic orders.

[1] Tārā is a name of the goddess Kālī.

[2] See the verses quoted Chapter II., pp. 42-3.

Vishnu, the Preserver, is a much more gracious figure. In the Vedas he appears as a minor solar deity, who, like Prometheus, once intervened and wrought deliverance for mankind in their distress.

It is difficult to determine the process by which this vaguely gracious deity became the god who incarnates himself on earth for man's redemption, or to trace the history of his association with the epic heroes, Rāma and Krishna. Of course the Indian heart cried out for Someone to fill the void left by the abstract pantheism of the Schools, and the quasi-atheistic system of the Buddha. Moreover, the Brahman priesthood would not be slow to see the opportunity thus given them to find a rallying-ground for Hinduism, on which to reassert their threatened ascendancy against their Buddhist rivals. Just at this time also two cults of hero-worship, centred in the persons of Rāma and Krishna, were rapidly gaining vogue in the Gangetic plain. The step from hero-worship to apotheosis in India is a short one; and everywhere apotheosis and incarnation tend to dissolve into one another.

Be that as it may, about the time of the rise of Buddhism (*circa* B.C. 500), India's two great epics, the Mahābhārata and the Rāmāyana, were taking shape. They are noble poems of the Homeric type. In their original form they were both poems of moderate length; but constant later additions have swollen the Mahābhārata to many times its original size.

The theme of the Mahābhārata is the early struggles of the Aryan settlers in the upper reaches of the Ganges. One of the principal characters is

Krishna, King of Dwārika, a mighty warrior. For some inscrutable reason he made a great appeal to the hero-worship of the people, and before long he was accredited as the incarnate Vishnu. He became the hero of a later poem, the *Bhagavata Purāna,* and the tales of his youthful excesses and of his amours with the *gōpīs* (female cowherds) of Brindaban are not edifying reading. The clean-minded, using the method of allegory, read a spiritual meaning into all that is unsavoury; but even so the diet is unwholesome.

The process did not stop here. In course of time sundry popular legends of quaint divine interpositions attached themselves to the growing cult of Vishnu, who finally became the deity of a whole series of incarnate manifestations. He is represented already to have appeared as swan, tortoise, fish (rescuing humanity from the great deluge), man-horse, boar, man-lion, dwarf, and Parasurāma. Thus anchored, the cult of Krishna rapidly advanced in popularity.

But for all its patronage of the growing Vaishnava movement, Hinduism had no thought of abandoning its philosophy. Far from it. There was, however, a need to harmonize the teaching of the several schools; and more particularly it was necessary, in an academic atmosphere that tended to idealize the life of mystic passivity and inaction, to find a place for the active life of the ordinary layman. This need the challenge of Buddhist practical morality served to emphasize. Why not put the requisite teaching into the mouth of the incarnate deity, and secure the ground against

atheistic Buddhism by a marriage between religion and philosophy?

So came into being the *Bhagavad Gītā*, "the loveliest flower in the garden of Sanskrit literature. . . . Its influence upon educated India has been and still is without a rival." It is the one Hindu religious book you are likely to find by his pillow in a student's room to-day. It is a book (quite short) to be read by anyone who wishes to study at first-hand the best of Hinduism as it appeals to the modern educated man.

In form it is an episode inserted in the Mahābhārata. A philosophical discourse is put into the mouth of Krishna, the divine incarnation, who appears by the side of Arjuna as the latter drives out in his chariot, hesitating whether or no to attack the foe, among whom he numbers many of his friends and kinsmen. Krishna urges him to do his caste duty as a warrior and fight. The layman's life of activity is justified; for (Krishna argues) actions done disinterestedly, without motive or desire for fruit therefrom, do not bind in the bonds of *Karma* and rebirth. Had disinterested love dawned on Hindu thought as a possible motive for man, it would not have committed itself to the impossible advocacy of unmotived action.

Krishna claims to be God Incarnate, by devotion to whom salvation is attained:

"Wheresoever the Law fails and lawlessness uprises . . . then do I bring Myself to bodied birth. To guard the righteous, to destroy (*N.B.* not to redeem) evil-doers, to establish the Law, I come into birth age after age.

"On Me then set thy mind, in Me let thine under-

standing dwell, so shalt thou assuredly abide hereafter in Me." [1]

"It is remarkable that the *Gītā* brings emancipation within the reach of women and Sūdras." So striking are some of the parallels to Christian teaching, that the poem has been supposed to show the influence of the ancient Christian Church of Malabar. But this is uncertain. It is variously dated anywhere between 200 B.C. and 200 A.D. "The *Gītā* is the cry of the Hindu people for an incarnate Saviour." It is the tragedy of Hindu religion that it has filled the vacant place that waits for Him who is worthy to receive blessing and honour and glory and power, with Srī Krishna. Krishna is the most popular deity in India to-day. But the erotic nature of his worship, as set forth in the *Bhagavata Purāna*, and the moral taint right at its source, has encouraged many of the foulest excesses in Indian religious history.

The history of the Rāmāyana, a singularly exalted poem, in many respects resembles that of the Mahābhārata. It sings the praise of Rāma, the hero-prince of Ayudhya, who, that his father's vow might not be broken, accepted fourteen years of exile, and with his faithful wife and brother wandered up and down India's forests. The chief incident is the rescue of his chaste wife, Sīta, from Rāvana, her abductor in Ceylon, by the aid of Hanumān, the Monkey god, who for her escape constructed Adam's Bridge. The characters of Rāma and Sīta are noble and inspiring, and for the most part free

[1] *Bhagavad Gītā*, iv. 6-8, xii. 8.

from serious blemish. Sīta is India's perpetual ideal of womanhood.

In the original poem by Vālmiki, Rāma is a hero pure and simple, without a suggestion of divinity. But in company with Krishna, he too became in lapse of years an incarnation of Vishnu. Later centuries added even Buddha (shades of Gautama !) as a ninth in the same series ; and Hinduism waits for a tenth Incarnation, Kālkī, who, born sinless in an age of sin, will usher in God's reign on earth. She knows not He has come already : born two thousand years ago, in Bethlehem.

VII. The Theistic Reformers

The *Gītā* may be regarded as the true birth of Indian theism. Succeeding centuries witnessed the growth of the twin sects of Shiva and Vishnu. Most of the beautiful lyrics quoted in the preceding chapter are derived (almost equally) from these two sects. But while individual Shaivite saints have come near to the truth of the living God, the taint of monism, perfected in the system of Sankarāchārya, prince of India's philosophers, has always clung to them. It must be admitted that it was Sankara who expelled Buddhism from India. But it is among the followers of Vishnu, and particularly that section of them which made the person of Rāma the centre of their devotions, that the noble succession of theistic reformers, which is India's nearest approach to Christianity, has arisen.

The leader of this theistic movement was Rāmānuja, who lived in the twelfth century. His system

of thought is still dominant in South India. The cult of Rāma, however, was first propagated by Rāmānanda, who lived in the fifteenth century in Northern India. Instituting a circle of twelve apostles, among whom were a leather worker, a barber, a Muhammadan weaver and a woman, he wandered throughout North India, preaching in the vernacular the gospel of Rāma's boundless love for men of every race and creed. "From Rāmānanda there went forth a mighty current of religious feeling which still is not wholly extinguished."

Seventh from Rāmānanda in the succession of master and pupil is Tulsi Dās, the sweet singer whose Rāmāyana, dating from the time of Shakespeare, is still the beloved bible of a hundred millions in North India. Tulsi has brought it about that love for Rāma dominates the Ganges plain. The morning greeting of friends as they meet is, "Rāma, Rāma." The solace of the mourner as he takes out his dead in funeral procession is the dirge, "Nothing lasts but Rāma." Tulsi touches the high-water mark of Indian ethical monotheism.[1] In his beautiful poem Rāma is no longer, as with Vālmīki, hero, but veritable god incarnate.

One of Rāmānanda's twelve apostles, Kabīr,[2] the Muhammadan convert and pupil of a Hindu teacher, became the founder of a sect that still survives. He rejected idolatry and the doctrine of incarnations, yet is himself worshipped as a deity to-day. Kabīr gives us perhaps the only point at which Islam closely touches Hinduism. His effort to combine them in a single system met with very small success.

[1] See Chapter II., pp. 43-4. [2] See Chapter II., p. 44.

Greater than Kabīr was his disciple Nānak, contemporary of Martin Luther, founder of the Sikhs, a Hindu sect in the Panjab which became later a kind of military order, and eventually a great and warlike nation. From them we took the Panjab, and to-day they supply some of the finest troops in our Indian army. Their founder, while condemning caste and idolatry, and inculcating theism, retained the whole Hindu mythology. Small wonder that to-day the sacred volume, the *Granth*, is worshipped with all the ceremonial of an idol in the Golden Temple at Amritsar.

Rāmānuja, Rāmānanda, Tulsi Dās, Kabīr, Nānak, they are a noble succession. Yet all their theistic fervour was of no avail against the insidious forces of idolatrous pantheism and polytheism with which they were surrounded and which they mostly tolerated. Their failure is the tragedy of moral flabbiness. Rāmānuja reigned for many years as high priest in the temple of Srīrangam, at Trichinopoly, with seemingly never a protest against its bestial sculpture and its troops of complacent dancing girls. This taint is not confined to Vaishnavism. It is a constantly recurring note in the biographies of the Hindu saints. Mānikka Vāchakar, greatest of Shaivite saints and singers, frequently bewails his own feebleness and folly in yielding to the attractions of these same temple-girls.

The other branch of the Vaishnava sect found, as we have seen, its inspiration and ideal in the person of Krishna. The two great teachers and missionaries of the sect are Vallabhā[1] and Chaitanya.[2]

[1] See Chapter II., p. 62. [2] See Chapter II., p. 61.

Its sweetest singer is the saintly Marāthā poet, Tukārām.[1] Vaishnava Bengal now holds Chaitanya as an incarnation. With him, not morality and service, but sensuous ecstasy and rapturous dance are the chief manifestations of religion. The ethical results have often been deplorable.

Dr Farquhar thus sums up the characteristics of these Vaishnava sects: "They believe in one personal god, who is full of love and pity for those who worship him, yet all except the followers of Kabīr recognize the other gods, and worship idols; they hold that the human soul is a portion of the Divine, and that it will eternally retain its individuality; they offer salvation to men of all castes, demanding faith and *bhakti* (devotion) toward the Lord; they use the vernaculars instead of Sanskrit; they exalt the *guru*, the religious teacher, to a place of great authority; they use a *mantra*, *i.e.* a secret phrase or pass-word, which is whispered by the *guru* to the novice on initiation; and each sect has its own order of ascetics as well as its congregation of the laity."[2]

Shiva, Kālī, Vishnu, Krishna, Rāma: for the most part these are the gods honoured in the greater temples throughout India. Each has his own appropriate animal and entourage. Next in the popular vogue stand Ganesh, the elephant-headed god of luck; Lakhshmī, wife of Vishnu, goddess of wealth; Saraswati, goddess of learning; and Hanumān, the monkey-god. Temples to the snake-god are not uncommon. With these a Hindu will

[1] See Chapter II., p. 44.
[2] Farquhar, *Primer of Hinduism*, pp. 119-20.

probably worship a host of lesser gods and godlets, ghosts and malignant demons and the presiding deities of each disease, who inhabit rivers, trees and stones and all the atmosphere. To avert their malice will be the perpetual effort of his superstition. Contamination with this aftermath of aboriginal religion is the price Brahmanism has paid for its continued hold upon the people.

VIII. The Weakness of Hinduism

It is a bewildering complexity of good and ill, this Hinduism we have been studying. Such heights of spiritual communion and measureless devotion, such depths of nameless moral degradation! Whence comes the moral feebleness and imbecility that taint even the highest reaches of this unrivalled capacity for religion?

Partly it is due to the composite character of Hinduism; receiving everything and rejecting nothing; medley of every religious idea and superstition that the land has ever nurtured. Says a Hindu apologist: "To-day Hinduism is an agglomeration of everything under heaven and earth, from the acutest philosophy to the most barbarous fetish-worship; all shades of the highest ideals, coupled with the most degrading practices, are enfolded within its all-embracing creeds." [1]

If Harnack was right when he said that the power of a religion depends not on the amount of truth it teaches, but on its freedom from error, then we

[1] Govinda Das, *Hinduism and India*, p. 144.

know the cause of Hinduism's futility. It has no standard of truth by which to test. It condemns nothing. It lacks the winnowing fan. It can give no moral guidance.

Partly it comes from the paralysing and all-pervading influence of the dogma of *Karma*. The tale is told of a public woman in a University city of Bengal, who used daily to frequent the river bank for four hours of devotion in the morning and two in the afternoon. She was, in many senses of the word, a most excellent woman, exceedingly charitable, and supporting several poor students through their education. And each night she plied her trade. Why? She hoped by her devotion to earn a higher status in her next birth, but for this life caste and her destiny had called her to prostitution. And many a student, seeking by genuine piety and good deeds to improve his lot in the next birth, will surrender helplessly in the face of some temptation: "I was born with this flaw of character. It is the inexorable consequence of the ill deserts of my past lives."

But nothing so fogs and bewilders moral judgment, nothing so blurs the boundaries of right and wrong, nothing so cuts the nerve of effort, nothing so enervates and enfeebles character and fibre as the teaching of pantheistic monism. "He is the One without a second" and "Thou art That" are the two proud keynotes of Hindu thought, which in lifting you to God's level degrade God to yours. For then by logical necessity you must go on to say, either that sin is the delusion of a morbid conscience, or that God is the doer of sin. Juggle as it may,

monism admits no third alternative. If everything is one, then the difference between right and wrong is only surface deep. It is unreal and illusory. Take for example an utterance of Chaitanya: "Sarbabhauma was not to blame for it (his many errors); he was merely carrying out God's will, in expounding atheistical philosophy based on fancy."[1]

Perhaps there is no more damning demonstration of this contention than a passage from the writings of Professor Deussen,[2] in which this modern champion of India's philosophy admits that, tested by the moral standard, Hinduism is condemned. It does not bear good fruit. He deprecates our judging it by so unfair a standard as its moral output, and proceeds with the astounding argument that "Truth" (by which he means the Vedānta) is destructive of morality. It chills, benumbs, evacuates it of all meaning. For such "Truth" we have no use. We know now where the moral poison lies. Pantheism has made it impossible for India to discern that God is Righteous. And a Righteous God is the only foundation for human morals.

[1] Kaviraj, *Chaitanya-Charit-Amrita* (trans. Sarkar), p. 43.

[2] See Appendix D, p. 245.



Photo by] MADURA TEMPLE [*Bourne & Shepherd, India*

[*See page* 53



KALI

[*See page* 84

Chapter IV [1]

THE OTHER HALF OF INDIA

Melisanda. "I was not unhappy."

Arkel. "You were perhaps of those that are unhappy without knowing it, and these are the most unhappy."

M. Maeterlinck.

I. The Indian Home

In entering a Hindu house one meets with no obstacles. There is no bell to ring, no embarrassing pause on the doorstep outside a closed door, no half-apologetic explanation to a domestic as to one's business. Instead, the visitor walks through the open door into the sunlit, arcaded courtyard, and asks of a dozing man or woman servant usually to be seen there, "Where is the mother?" or "Where are the wife-mothers?" The servant indicates the passage to the shady inner court by a poking gesture of the chin, and, unannounced save by her own voice, a lady visitor may penetrate to the farther regions of the house where the women are. "O mother of Bepin," she calls as she mounts the narrow stone stairway, "where are you?" Perhaps

[1] The writer of this chapter (see Preface, p. 6) gives an outline of the life of Indian women from her knowledge of Hindus in Bengal. Customs and manners may differ in other parts of India, but in general the life does not greatly differ.

it may be necessary to go right into one of the upper rooms and rouse the mother of Bepin from her midday siesta. She will rise and stretch herself, saying sweetly with a good-natured smile, "Oh, it is you. Let me fetch a chair." As a rule, chairs, which are a modern luxury in India, and a sign of prosperity, are only to be found in the outer sitting-room kept for the men of the family and their visitors. The women sit on the floor or on a movable wooden platform.

The visitor may assert proudly that she knows perfectly well how to sit on the floor, and indeed time does train the muscles to the feat of sitting tailor-wise without being cramped; but if a chair is to be had, the hostess will not hear of her guest sitting in so lowly a fashion. The guest must be set above the host, according to Indian notions of courtesy.

There is never a sign that one has come inopportunely, or that it has been annoying to the mistress of the house to be disturbed in her much-needed rest—much-needed because the Indian housewife is an early riser, busy at her tasks from before dawn till near midnight, at least in an ordinary house. The visitor expresses regret at intruding. "We can sleep any day, but we cannot see you any day," is the polite answer. Once we disturbed a widow at her cooking. She was about to break a ceremonial fast of forty-eight hours. We begged her to prepare and eat her meal while we talked to the others, but she said cheerfully, "What is eating? It is better to talk with you."

Such a reception touches the heart and pre-

disposes the shy visitor to friendliness and goodwill. This simple, perfectly courteous treatment of the guest is one of the most attractive of Indian traits, and it may be regarded as the index of a racial characteristic. The threshold of India's warm heart may be crossed without let or hindrance by the stranger who comes in the spirit of friendship. If he can prove his title to the name of friend he will be garlanded with her affection and trust. Graciousness and willingness to serve must stand in the foreground of any true picture of the women of Hindustan. This may be merely what a modern writer on women calls "the languors of the slave," but an imagination steeped in memories of the Gospel histories will turn rather to the teaching of the Master: "If any would be great among you he shall become your minister."

In a recent book on India the following words of Lady Dufferin are quoted, and they carry weight as the opinion of one who strove to know the women of India: "I have never seen women more sympathetic, more full of grace and dignity, more courteous or more successful in the art of giving a really cordial reception to a stranger than those I met behind the *pardah*." These words find an echo in the heart of everyone acquainted with the Hindus in their own homes. Yet one hesitates to agree with Lady Dufferin's conclusion that "under the present condition of Eastern life the zenana system affords many undoubted advantages." One cannot help believing that the system is one of the *causes* of the present condition. "When woman has taken her place in society," said Keshab Chandra

Sen, "then we shall be able to enjoy purified and reformed homes."

The word "zenana" has become familiar in missionary literature; but even among Europeans in India there still exists misapprehension as to its meaning. This was proved to the writer the other day, when an English lady, long resident in India, asked if all the women in a zenana were wives of one and the same man. The word "zenana" means a woman or wife, and is not used in the vernaculars except in this sense. As we have come to use it, the word indicates that part of the house occupied by the women and children. Under the patriarchal system we find included in one household a man and his wife, their sons and the sons' wives, grandsons and their wives, and so on. It will be seen that this may mean a very large number of women. In a house visited by us recently there were no less than ninety-one women, not including young unmarried girls. There may also be in the house widowed daughters, who often prefer their paternal home to their father-in-law's house. To find out the position of a woman in a household one asks, "Are you a daughter or a daughter-in-law of this house?"

Polygamy, it is true, is not forbidden by Hindu law, and amongst the highest caste of Brahmans was at one time to a large extent practised. But at the present day one man one wife is the general rule.[1] In the rare cases where a man has more than one wife, the superseded one will find reasons

[1] Among rajahs and the wealthy propertied classes polygamy is not infrequent.

for paying prolonged visits to her father's house, where she is safe from her rival. In the case of the Brahmans, who may marry several wives, the marriage is often a mere form to save the girl from loss of caste. The girl remains permanently under the paternal roof and is often a wife merely in name. Contact with Western civilization has made the Hindu somewhat ashamed of polygamy, and one's attention is rarely attracted to instances of it, though these are to be met with. The dread possibility of being superseded is still, however, a matter of fear and the subject of prescribed prayers for every Hindu girl. At certain feasts, when all unmarried girls take vows and pray to Shiva for a husband, they may be heard repeating a traditional verse cursing a possible rival in their husband's affections. They invoke the aid of certain household articles laid on the floor, as follows:

> Knife, knife, cut my co-wife's nose.
> Rag, rag, may I eat the head of my co-wife.
> Fruit, fruit, may a sahib's bearer carry her away.
> Tongs, tongs, may she be a maid-servant.

"To eat the head" is a slang phrase and not to be taken literally. Although a rhyme of this kind is often repeated by the girls themselves in a half-joking spirit, yet it indicates a real apprehension.

Perhaps by following the course of an Indian woman's life from birth to the burning-ghāt we shall best understand her position, its redeeming points, its wrongs, the character it develops, and the directions in which change and progress are possible and desirable. To get an unbiased view

let us remember that even in Christendom society has its squalid and disgraceful side. Two blacks will not make a white; but nothing more disqualifies for helpfulness than a want of balanced judgment and an attitude of superiority. Much has been said of the way in which the women of India have been deprived of their common rights; social and religious equality, freedom, enlightenment, even the right to exist apart from their husbands, and we must consider these statements later on; but let us remember the other side of the picture. If certain privileges have been denied to them, many duties have been enjoined. Theirs is a stern code, difficult to fulfil it may be, but not without nobility and dignity. If this discipline of the Hindu home, harsh and repellent in some of its features, has yet flowered in gentleness, sweetness, wisdom and selflessness, it deserves our respect to that extent. And if we claim that India has yet to learn a more excellent way, the burden of proof lies with us.

II. The Indian Woman: Childhood

"May you be the mother of seven sons" is a blessing often invoked on the wives of India. There is no mention of daughters, because they are not regarded as among the blessings of the gods. So, when the news goes forth in the zenana that the new-born child is a girl, nobody is very glad, least of all the mother. To be unwelcome is the lot of most of India's daughters. There are several reasons to explain this handicap at the very start

of their life, chief among them being the desire for sons. The son alone, according to the Hindu scriptures, is able to carry on the ancestral household rites and make the offerings by which the welfare of the departed is ensured and their souls prevented from becoming malignant ghosts. The *Shrāddha*[1] is the central sacrament of the Hindu family. "For men the laws of whose stock are overthrown, a dwelling is ordained in Hell." Therefore the observance of this rite is a paramount necessity. The heavy cost of marriage is another reason why daughters are unwelcome. This will be touched on later. But perhaps the most powerful reason is the dreaded chance of girl-widowhood, which entails so much misery and humiliation upon daughter and parents alike. It is little wonder then that, in a darker age, and some would maintain even at the present time, the mother should sometimes be tempted to "send back" to the gods the gift which is so unwelcome. "They that be born of sin—women"; such is the sinister comment of the *Gītā* upon the misfortune of being born a Hindu daughter. The shadow falls across her life till death gives her once more a chance, as she believes, of rebirth under more favourable conditions.

But human nature is stronger than the iron grip of custom, and the mother-love born with the little child asserts itself after the first disappointment. Although the child does not count for much in the household, the mother is ready to lavish on her those fond endearments which are the lot of babies all the world over. Indeed, in some respects

[1] See p. 81.

daughters are in danger of being spoilt. Their parents are very apt to act on the principle that, as the child at the early age of ten or so must bow her neck under the yoke of her mother-in-law, she should be allowed before that age freedom from irksome rules. So there is for her little of that insistence on orderliness, punctuality, strict obedience and useful habits such as sewing and tidying up, which are the rule for "good little girls" with us. Left to her own sweet will, she becomes careless, idle and precocious.

It is considered scarcely worth while to preserve the innocence and ignorance of childhood, since childhood is to be so short-lived and so soon exchanged for experience of the gravest kind. So into those little pitchers is poured a great deal that is unfitting and sometimes much that is vile. Dirt is "matter out of place," and premature knowledge smudges the fair white page of childhood. The marvel is that childhood can still preserve so much of its purity and sweetness even in a corrupt and unwholesome atmosphere. But little of its gladness is manifest. No one can fail to be struck by a look of gravity and sadness on the faces of the young girls of India, and this is partly due, surely, to their early initiation into knowledge of what makes the burden and responsibility, and it may be the terror and tragedy, of their near future. Not only do girls of tender years miss what Dr Farquhar rightly calls "the priceless ideal of a chaste adolescence," but that period which should be the growing time of manly virtues and womanly graces for the youth of India is tarnished by knowledge "out of place,"

irritating and inflaming to the imagination and the senses. They can never see life in the clear, cool light in which, thank God, Christian youth and maidenhood looks out on the world.

In two respects, however, discipline is strict. One is the rule of politeness to seniors, the other the care of infants. In these the well-bred Hindu girl is a model for all the world to copy. She is distinguished by remarkable sweetness and charm of manner, perfect politeness, and a quaint motherly sobriety of bearing. The purpose of these two disciplines is obvious. Much of her happiness in the future will depend on polite submission to her mother-in-law, who more than anyone is the arbiter of her fortunes. And the nurture of children is so soon to become for her a matter of serious reality that she cannot learn too young the art of being a mother.

This first period of the Hindu girl's life is not without its childish joys, and during it she develops a flower-like sweetness that makes her very lovable and attractive. But she misses much of that tender care of body, mind and spirit which Christian parents and teachers have learned to bestow during the age of innocence.

III. The Indian Woman: Marriage

From childhood she passes at the early age of ten or eleven into that stage when we may say quite truthfully that she is "on the marriage market." At this age everything possible is done to enhance her good looks. She is fed with the best that her

family can afford. Her skin and hair are anointed, and her manners and carriage receive special attention. Her charms and the history and standing of her family are duly recorded by the professional matchmaker. The same functionary brings a list of eligible bridegrooms to the harassed parents, who dread the marriage of a daughter more than any other domestic episode. Yet marry her they must. If not, she becomes an outcaste, unless she comes from one of the more modern families from whom Indian students are drawn, whose daughters have been educated in youth and have somewhat postponed their marriage as a result. For all others the law is inexorable. To procure a husband a dowry is necessary—the larger the better. The finding of these dowries often plunges the parents into debt from which, even in a lifetime, they cannot extricate themselves. By and by negotiations are begun with the parents of a suitable *parti*. The young man and the girl are inspected, and, if both families are satisfied, the betrothal takes place forthwith and the marriage is not long delayed. The only persons not consulted are the two most concerned, namely, the future husband and wife. To impose implicit faith in one's parents in this matter is the mark of a model son. The bridegroom regards his wife not so much as being his own possession but as an addition to his mother's staff. "Where are you going?" asks the mother of her son when he sets out to fetch his bride. "I go to bring you a new handmaid," is the conventional reply.

In these early marriages the bridegroom is often

almost as much to be pitied as the bride. He is acting from no desire of his own, it may be, but simply in obedience to his parents, whose word for him is law. Premature fatherhood is as much a fiasco as girl motherhood is an injury.

According to orthodox rule the young couple do not behold each other's faces until they are husband and wife. In that moment, when under a covering they first look into one another's eyes, they know that they are looking at their inevitable fate; for marriage is indissoluble with the Hindus, who hold that even in future births they may still be man and wife.

There is one accident of birth which almost more than any other influences a girl's future, and that is the colour of her skin. There are many degrees of dark and fair among the swarthy races of India. No dark-skinned girl, however handsome, is counted a beauty, and it is the crowning point in a mother's disappointment at the birth of a girl if she is found not to have the coveted gift of fairness. It is the desire of all the rich and important families to keep the fair strain predominant. The country is scoured for brides of the requisite degree of beauty. They are frequently advertised for in the public press. We have seen in a great house a little bride, laden with jewels, who was found in a mud hut close by, and being of the proper caste was accepted on account of her rare complexion without dowry or portion of any kind. The dowry is often in proportion to the darkness of the skin. A girl who is both dark and of poor parentage, however well-born in other respects, has little chance of making

a good match. She is often obliged to become the second wife of a widower with grown-up children. It is curious to be told that the little wife with the child's face is the mother-in-law of a grown woman with children, an announcement usually calling forth a snigger from the other women of the house. Worthless and defective, and even imbecile husbands sometimes have to be accepted by the parents of such unfortunate girls.

There is one way of "escape" provided by an unscrupulous priesthood for parents, or for widowed mothers who have become desperate. The girl may be "married to the god." This means that, under the guise of a religious dedication to the temple service, the innocent child is handed over to a life of utter shame. Surely in no age or country has religion been guilty of a blacker wrong against innocence.

Such a system as we have described above is fraught with possibilities of misery, as can readily be imagined, and, we think, readily enough proved. But we have no desire to exaggerate. It would be unjust and untrue to say that all marriages in India are unhappy. Patient submission to authority is the *dharma*, the religion of the Hindu woman. From her childhood she is imbued with the doctrine that she has no significance apart from the man. A man, on the other hand, has most spiritual worth when he shakes himself free from family and secular concerns and retires to the forest for religious meditation. Yet the earthly bondage from which he is justified in escaping is considered good enough for women. According to a Buddhist doctrine she

cannot attain the highest spiritual state until she is reborn a man. Either as wife or widow, her life centres round the thought of her living or dead husband. We have seen the impress of a dying husband's footprints preserved on a framed piece of cloth or paper and kept for a lifetime as an object of devotion, and of what really amounts to worship. In a house visited recently an aged widow had her husband's photograph in one miniature bed, and a portion of his wooden clogs in another. These she "tended" as the household god is tended with flowers, food, and water.

To the Indian wife the husband stands for much more than a mate or even a protector. He is the "Chief Guru,"[1] and the *guru*[2] is often looked upon as a divinity. This doctrine is written on her heart. On it depend, she believes, her bliss in this life and her hopes of heaven. Fired by this faith she became in past times a willing *suttee*; and even at the present day cases are not lacking of women who, in their frenzy of grief, commit that last act of self-immolation. A year or two ago a case of voluntary *suttee* took place in Calcutta. The woman after drenching her clothes in kerosene, set fire to them, and when discovered was beyond the reach of human aid.

[1] In his collection of short stories entitled *Hungry Stones*, the poet Tagore tells of a woman who resists the attempt of her *guru* to seduce her. In the course of the tale the woman reaches a stage of adoring devotion to the *guru* at which she declares: "I saw my god in the form of that *guru*." This saying must not be taken as a figure of speech merely, but as a literal statement that for her a god had rewarded her piety by becoming incarnate in this man. The tale gives a picture of a religious mood all too common which leads to strange abuses and excesses.

[2] *Guru* =religious teacher.

Popular sentiment, far from condemning this act as suicide, went into raptures over it. A Hindu woman related to the heroine told the writer that a portion of the woman's body not destroyed by the flames had been buried in the garden of her house, and the spot was now a shrine and sacred place of pilgrimage. In consequence of this belief in the divinity of her husband India's wives have developed the qualities of meekness and long-suffering in a superb degree. The same spirit which makes the sannyāsi rejoice in his bed of spikes and ring of fire gives to their wifely devotion the character of a religious passion.

The following lines of Shelley have sometimes come to the writer's memory inside the four walls of a zenana :

> " Women, whom my voice did waken
> From their cold, careless, willing slavery."

But the servitude of the Hindu wife is more than careless slavery, because she adds to it a religious cult of self-abnegation remarkable in its intensity.

Not being a man, the Hindu woman can best justify her existence by bearing a man-child, and this she is expected to do at the very first moment that it is physically possible, and to continue to do as frequently and for as long as nature permits. She is taught to regard this as the end for which she was born ; and great is her sorrow if she is sonless. Even the child-mother glows with pride when she knows that she has fulfilled her destiny and borne a son. Kant's great saying that a man is

to be regarded as an end in himself and not as a means to an end, has no bearing on the life of an Indian woman as at present understood. She has no right to exist save as the means to one end, the bearing of sons.

This is not the place to enter into a detailed description of all the untold and uncalled-for suffering, and even torture, that is endured day by day by the child-mothers of India. We give below an extract[1] from a lecture to Indians by Mrs Annie Besant, who professes to be in many respects an upholder of Hindu custom and beliefs, though condemning this wrong. The writer possesses a carefully written statement on this subject from a lady doctor who has a large hospital for Indian women. Its contents—it is a matter-of-fact document with no expression of feeling—are not suited for these pages, but they are such as to make one's heart cry out in anger and pity that such things can be.

[1] "I had a letter the other day from a friend of mine. A girl relative of his had been married at twelve. She became a mother next year at thirteen. When childbirth was upon her, she lay for four days in agony with the unborn child, in an agony that none know save those who have gone through the gateway of motherhood. At last it became so intolerable to those who watched her that they put her under chloroform. For ten hours she lay under chloroform; then the child was born dead: the mother died. A girl of thirteen was sent through that agony."

The writer knows of similar cases of cruel suffering causing death or lifelong ill-health. When the mothers of these girls are appealed to to do something to put a stop to these miseries, their invariable answer is, "What can we do? Our daughters must be married before twelve or no one will have them."

IV. The Indian Widow

It is doubtful if the sufferings of early motherhood, terrible as they are, can be compared with the life-long penance imposed upon child-widows. It is almost superfluous to do more than mention this subject, so often written about. It has recently given rise to agitations among Hindu reformers themselves. So painful is this topic in the zenana that the name "widow" is scarcely ever spoken. One soon learns that it is considered unkind to say to a woman, "Are you a widow?" One finds out indirectly. "Since when has she been thus?" you may ask in a whisper of someone not too closely related. There is usually little need to ask. The marks of her forlorn state are plain to all. Grey-faced and meagre through much fasting, shaven and without ornament of any kind, dressed in a coarse and dingy *sari* and wearing withal the look of one inured to a colourless and joyless existence, she presents an appearance strikingly pathetic and mournful. Her signs of grief must be worn perpetually. To a woman with sons who has known and loved her husband, this life of penance may have some meaning and some solace; but what can it be for those who have no such compensating memory of joy?

The widow is to be regarded not only as afflicted but as accursed. Have not the gods given this signal punishment for the deeds done in a former existence? May she not fairly be counted as the cause of her husband's death and may not her advent be resented by his family? Her presence

is regarded as an ill omen; therefore she is not allowed to appear at festive gatherings lest she should cast a blight on the good fortune of others. It is easy to imagine the effect of such a position upon the mind of the widow, and to understand why, in the first hours of her bereavement, she screams and roars madly like a beast in pain, tearing her hair, casting off her garments, and sometimes passing through excess of emotion from one fit into another. Her behaviour for a long period is like that of one demented: even suicide by self-starvation is sometimes attempted. And even where such grief is merely a conventional exhibition, the very acting of it is a severe strain on the nerves and sanity of the unhappy woman.

Compared with the humiliation of her position the physical hardships and ascetic practices now enjoined upon her are easy to bear. To these observances she will sometimes devote herself with intense fervour; and in a good household she is encouraged to think of herself as having a vocation of self-imposed privation and service. But such a whole-hearted acceptance of the ascetic life is not universal. The poverty and severity of it sometimes drive a woman to despair. No calling recognized as respectable is open to her if she should wish to earn her living, and sometimes the choice for her lies between intolerable privation and a life of evil-doing.

On the other hand, some of the most devout and earnest converts have been widows. Such are the great Pandita Ramabai and others equal to her in sincerity of purpose known to every woman mission-

ary, who serve their Master with loving, unwearying service. In recent years very hopeful attempts have been made to modify the prospects of widows, many of them starting from within Hinduism. These take the form of hostels for Brahman widows established in increasing numbers throughout the country, where a good normal teachers' training is given.

V. Characteristics of Indian Womanhood

What of the more fortunate women of India who are not widows and who have weathered the dangers and difficulties of early marriage and motherhood? A very small number, having been educated—most probably in a mission school—find their way to the universities, and some few later into professional life. The majority, however, remain in the cloistered inner court, which is regarded rather as a refuge from the mysterious world, full of unknown perils, than as a prison house. This must be borne in mind. They show a childlike contentment with their lot, and, since human nature demands happiness of some kind, they have their own devices for adding variety to a life which seems to us one of infinite monotony and staleness. We find them merry and vivacious, warm-hearted, witty, ready of speech, quick at repartee, and furnished with a store of proverbial wisdom and anecdote to embellish any topic. For them talk is the great recreation, and they can chatter for hours without exhaustion. Their speech is full of parables and figures. They prefer not to say anything so prosaic as that they

are pleased to see the white woman, but, "To-day the moon has shed its light in our house." This habit gives a poetic and old-world flavour to their words which has a peculiar charm for the blunt and literal Westerner. Conversation in a zenana may often be trivial, but it is not generally dull. Quick to read character and to observe the foibles of others, they often indulge in banter and satire, and are fond of mimicry. In temperament they are highly emotional. They love and hate vehemently, and are easily stirred to violent jealousy, quickly hurt in their *amour propre*, ready to nurse a grievance it may be for a lifetime, or to indulge in sulking fits until they become hysterical.

This emotional unrestraint is due, we believe, not so much to any innate racial quality as to their unhealthy manner of life. They sometimes seem to be drugged with emotion. Feeling, for them, takes the place of action with the freer and more vigorous races. The restraint from which they suffer is not only physical but mental also. Illiterate, without interest in arts or crafts of any kind,—music, for instance, is forbidden them because of its lewd associations with the dancing girl,—with no concern in public matters, they are narrowed down to domesticity pure and simple—cooking, and the bearing and rearing of children. One might expect them to be specialists in these departments, but it is not so. They display a colossal ignorance of hygiene, of the care of their own and their children's health, and of the subject of suitable diet for children and invalids. Dyspepsia is the rule rather than the exception, and infant mortality and the sickliness

of children are a perpetual plaint among them. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that the irritation of these combined causes should make them peevish at times, neurotic and ready to indulge in petty intrigues and violent quarrels.

But we are convinced that with freedom and wise education many of the most conspicuous faults of the Indian woman would disappear by degrees, and development become possible for the fine qualities of heart and mind that lie dormant in her nature. Woman, no less than man, requires freedom for the full growth of her faculties, especially spiritual freedom. It is often pointed out that when, by education, social reform and religious enlightenment, we drag the shrinking Indian woman from her cloister into the broad light of day, we run tremendous risks. But can it be said that the virtues of the zenana woman are of the highest type and incapable of development? First there is her much-vaunted wifely devotion. The fault of this is that it really amounts to the worship of the creature rather than the Creator, and takes the place of religion for a great many of the women. That particular excess of devotion is scarcely to be found in freer societies like our own, where marriage is no less sacred and where the greater equality of the sexes breeds a trustful companionship between man and wife against which Indian conditions militate. Her chastity and modesty, two other conspicuous qualities, often prove to be of a somewhat negative kind, and not the result of that poise of the senses which only freedom develops. We have heard the women themselves say, "We are

good only because we are kept safe from harm. We are not strong like the white woman, whose self-respect is her only shield." In justice to the Indian woman it must be said that, in those cases where she has been able to break through the traditional system and gain a certain freedom, she has proved herself able both to retain her own characteristic virtues and also to assimilate in a marked degree those of the West.

VI. The Religion of Indian Women

It is scarcely necessary to give here any detailed description of the religion of the zenana, since its main features correspond with the general character of popular Hinduism dealt with in another chapter. But there is one point in all idolatrous and superstitious creeds which must ever be kept in view if we would understand fully their effect upon the daily life of those who hold them, and that is the very large part which fear plays in all their thought of the unseen. In fact, *fear* may be taken as the stamp of superstition, whereas *trust* is the hall-mark of true religion and manifests itself in the confidence and joy of believers. Hindu women are all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear, not of death only, but of a great host of ills and evils which, they imagine, beset them on every side. We find among them a universal dread of omens, spells, curses, unlucky stars, inauspicious days and seasons, the evil eye, witches, ghosts and demons and countless other powers and influences lying in wait for the unwary. The effort to avoid these malignant

forces taxes the mind with a wholly unnecessary burden. Upon this fear is built up the whole fabric of idolatrous and superstitious practice, and on it rests the great power of a crafty priesthood, a power which will never lose its sway until a flood of light is let in on this darkness. Hinduism has no stronger supporter than the Hindu woman. Yet we would venture to say that there is almost nothing in her household rites, her ceremonial bathings and sundry observances likely to raise her spiritually. Religion for her is simply a jumble of meaningless practices and arid moral maxims which remind one of the wearisome discourses of the "friends" of patient Job.

But it may be that the scrupulous attention which she pays to what she believes to be the essential pieties of the household is not without its value as a moral discipline. It must be allowed that often at great cost to herself she carries out the injunction of her religion. "Gone to Benares,"—these words or others of the same significance have often given to the missionary a chill sense of disappointment and defeat. They represent the closing chapter of many a Hindu woman's life. When the claims of family and home are no longer urgent, the pilgrim, for such she has now become, leaves country and kindred behind and, with a courage for which her life has little prepared her and which one cannot but admire, sets out on her lonely quest for salvation.

One is tempted at this point to unfold a tale as enchanting as the stories of Chaucer; enchanting, that is, if one looks only at the adventure of the way:

the quaint mixed company with their slender baggage and simple clothing, picnicking beneath the shade of broad-leaved trees by the wayside, kindling their fires under the starlight, and sheltering for the night among the dim and friendly forms of fellow-travellers in some sacred grove. The railway has not yet destroyed the romance of travel in India, and certain sacred routes are still thronged with a motley crowd of pilgrims who think to acquire more merit by going on foot than by taking the more prosaic and easy method of the railway train.

But there is another side to the picture. The pilgrim route is lined with priests who at every convenient stage have some device for strengthening their hold on the ignorant and superstitious, and, to put it bluntly, fleecing them. Finally, at the goal of their pilgrimage, heathenism (why mince words and call it by any gentler name?) lies in wait to tighten its final grip upon them. Here, it may be, the last days of the Hindu woman's life are spent, in order that here may be the bliss of having her ashes strewn on the great river at that point where its waters are said to be most sacred and most effective for the cleansing of the sins of the present and many past existences, and for the ensuring of a quick passage to heaven. Pious Hindus at Calcutta and other places are often, in the last extremity, borne to the banks of the Ganges, where they may spend their last hours in one or other of the pilgrim shelters built beside the river. What power can dispel the pitiful darkness and delusion of such a religion? Surely the Gospel which we preach. As of old Christ brings to the

mind tormented with fear as with a demon, order, serenity and peace. In place of the wild confusion of polytheism, the central figure of the Saviour is lifted up; instead of the crushing weight of *Karma* and the terrifying prospect of endless rebirths, comes the promise of forgiveness of sins and the new birth into life with Him; instead of the cold vagueness of pantheism the doctrine of communion with a loving, personal Father.

VII. The Work and Opportunity of Christian Missions

We have touched upon the different stages of the Indian woman's life, and may now notice the ways in which Christian missions strive to reach and help her at each stage, and may indicate the results of these efforts.

In the first stage, from infancy to the age of ten, we may say that the Hindus give us a free hand with their children. This was not always so, but it is so now. "Do your best for her," say the parents, for they have learned to trust the good intention of the woman-missionary and her staff of "big sisters," as the children lovingly call their Indian Christian teachers. The poor and middle classes send their children to our schools and the wealthy invite us to teach the girls in their homes. A girl who has been taught at a mission school is likely to make a better marriage. The English dolls which she receives as prizes are so many certificates of the quantity and quality of her education.

This ever-growing desire for education is itself one

of the most remarkable fruits of missionary work for the children of India, and, although the percentage of literacy among women is still ludicrously small (only 1 per cent), we may say truly that in India, "Thoughts have gone forth whose power can sleep no more." Thoughts and desires which have been stirring women throughout the world are making themselves felt also in India. Strange powers are moving beneath the surface, making women desire knowledge and power they had barely dreamed of before, and making their men willing to satisfy and fulfil these demands. All over India to-day new schools are springing up for girls and women, new societies are being formed and new experiments tried, some as daring as any of the West. These are pioneered and manned as often by men as by women. We believe that the lie has been given once and for all to the teaching of the Hindu law-books that learning is a curse to woman. In a scathing address to Hindus in Madras Mrs Annie Besant used the following words: "To have such women as you have, to handicap them as you do, to have brains so bright and to give them no chance of education . . . that is the shame of modern India which it is the duty of her sons to remove. . . . In your modern days you say that the woman must not hear, must not read the *Veda*; but in those days women wrote some of the Vedic hymns, and men to-day chant them although the wife and the daughters must not hear what the mothers of the race have written."

For ages the Hindu scriptures have been hidden from the eyes of woman, but through the influence

of Christianity another word, the very Word of Life, has been unrolled for her. "Its words are written on my heart, you cannot tear them thence," was the answer of a little Brahman wife when her husband in a fit of rage tore and trampled on the Bible which she loved and read constantly. She was one of our former pupils. We thank her for that beautiful saying. It sums up the belief that inspires us. The teaching of infants and young children may seem on the surface a trivial task for women-graduates with high teaching qualifications, but many such are giving their lives whole-heartedly to this task because they see in it a key to India's future, and believe that by means of it nothing less than a revolution is quietly taking place, a revolution whose fulfilment will shake the foundations of society. For it is certain that without education nothing is possible. All the signs of life among India's women to-day have blossomed from seeds of education sown through patient years. Women graduates could not exist to-day but for the schools of yesterday. Later marriage, freedom of any kind, are to be found only in those families where high ideals of education have reigned, and are their necessary and inevitable results. This thought fills them at times with a secret exhilaration as of one who lights the fuse of a mine laid far away and awaits with certainty the upheaval which removes a mountain. Sometimes in visiting a strange house the missionary is cheered by some young woman saying shyly, "I know about Jesus."

Is it so small a thing that in the very heart and citadel of the Hindu home there should be those

who can speak thus, whose minds are haunted by the divine figure of the Saviour, and on whose memories His words are indelibly stamped?

"You cannot see the wind, but you can see the leaves shaken by the wind. So you cannot see the Holy Spirit, but His works are manifest." These were the words of one of our Christian teachers to a group of zenana women in our hearing one day. Here and there, it seems to us, the leaves are trembling with a new life. The Hindu woman in spite of her ignorance can appreciate spiritual values, and the Gospel makes a profound appeal to her mind and heart. The zenanas are full of secret disciples, but action is paralysed for them by the crushing weight of superstition and oppression. What missionary has not fought in prayer for these weak disciples and yearned for them with a great longing?

In the second stage of the Hindu woman's life, as in the first, we may say that our opportunity is unlimited and far beyond what we can overtake. God has indeed now set before us an open door which no man shutteth. The difficulties caused by the age-long errors which are breathed in with the very atmosphere of the zenana and by the distractions of domestic duties now stand in the way, but in spite of these there is much to call forth the hope and enthusiasm of those who have taken the task in hand, and every woman missionary values the chance offered at this stage of friendly intercourse as a precious opportunity of making Christ known. The great majority of women converts have confessed Christ as a result

of evangelistic and educational work within the zenanas.

The unexampled need and pathos of the Hindu woman should make its appeal to the finest spirits among the disciples of our Master. The lines quoted at the head of this chapter seem to sum up the sadness of her life. Tragedy is not self-conscious misery, but the suffering of the innocent and defenceless wrought by the slings and arrows of an evil world. In this deepest sense the woman of India is a tragic figure. We are glad to admit the mitigations of her lot—protection from the harshness of the rough world; the opportunity of woman's greatest happiness—motherhood; the certainty of a place in the home, even if only that of a drudge [1]; but in their sum total her social and spiritual disabilities amount to a tragic wrong committed against her for which none of these mitigations can compensate her. It must be remembered that all that has been said is true in its details only of strictly *pardah* women. Many thousands of village women live a life almost as free as peasant women of any land, and there are infinite gradations between these and the women of the true zenana. In appearance they are far apart, but looking deeper the laws and ideals that construct their lives are the same. What in the villages is implicit only becomes fully worked out in the strict *pardah* homes.

We recognise also that even here some change has taken place for the better, and that there now exists, apart from the free, enlightened women of

[1] The support of dependent women is a religious duty recognized by all good Hindus.

the Christian and Brahmo communities, a growing body of women within Hinduism itself who have been granted a measure of emancipation. To a certain extent the loosening of the fetters has been done for them by growth of public opinion and by action of men—but throughout the length and breadth of the land Hindu women, wives and relatives of educated men, are gathering themselves together into groups to plead and work for their own education. Strikingly evident is the passion of the Indian woman for service; in most cases this motive becomes transformed into a desire to help—money is collected, organization learned, and from group after group come efforts to arise towards a better day. Why otherwise should we see Government providing a college to train Indian women for medical service, or a women's society in South India started originally for educational purposes immediately opening an orphanage and developing extensive social work in the poorer parts of the city? Freedom to the women of India is an unexplored country, and they should have at their disposal the experience of the women of other lands to guide them in their great adventure. There is room for every gift of brain and heart in this service.

Missions ask for a continually increasing supply of Kindergarten experts, High School mistresses, women who will take a lead in college education and true social service, of nurses and doctors, and of women too who have little technical qualification but an earnest desire to serve the women of India in the name of Christ. Those who come must be

ready, not only to work, but to train others for work, thus adding a hundredfold to their own power of service. Noble work has been done in all these branches, with noble results. The most effective helper in the present situation, sought after by Government and by non-Christian communities as well as by missions, for the carrying out of important and urgent work, is the Indian Christian woman trained in the requirements of her profession, but—and this is most significant and is recognized by all—trained also in the habits of conscientiousness, thoroughness, and earnestness in her work.

The task of training enough such women is still far behind the powers of the Christian Church in India. It is to prepare and increase this army of women that help is needed from the Christian women of the West. Let us not forget that another force of non-Christian women is growing apace. But the chance we hope lies still with us if we will but enter in and occupy.

Women's missions must now make it a serious part of their business to prepare Eastern womanhood for the great changes that are bound to come with ever-quickening pace. Without true religion we believe emancipation will spell disaster. Hindus dread any change in the status of women, and, pointing to the more violent aspects of the woman's movement in the West, take refuge in the ancient oriental cynicism which brands woman as untrustworthy and turbulent unless kept in check with a strong hand. Have we no help to give, no wise guidance to offer to our sister subjects in all the difficulties that transition is certain to bring?

There is much in the devoted and courageous lives of Indian Christian women to give us hope for the future. Nothing is more likely to help on the cause of women in India than the culture and character of their Christian fellow-country-women. And the latter in turn look to us for help and support in their difficult position.

Surely to a task so magnificent the Empire calls us. So too call us insistently, urgently, the indomitable spirit of our race, the need of a weary, stricken world, and the dawn of that great new day that we believe is breaking on the earth after our night of anguish. But above every other call can we not hear the voice of Christ Himself, " Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature " ? And though there were no call but His, needs must that His servants arise and obey.

Chapter V

DAWN

I. The Earliest Indian Church

Tradition has it that the Cross was planted on the shores of India in the first century of the Christian era. Be that as it may, a branch of the Church, like a solitary sentinel in a hostile land, has occupied the south-western corner of India since very early times—the Syrian Christian Church.[1]

It is a thrilling moment when for the first time you take your place as one of the crowded congregation in a Syrian Church in Travancore, on a Sunday morning at the Holy Eucharist. The congregation stand reverent and devout throughout a service that lasts over three hours. If the language is unintelligible the ritual is often eloquent and most impressive. The cadences of the chanting are weird and passionate: but the gradual crescendo of the music carries one along until it reaches its triumphant climax in a tumultuous diapason of voice and cymbal and great church bell. Said a "Reformed" Syrian, who was with me: "We value the quieter worship you have taught us, but we want

[1] "Syrian" Christians are all Indian. They are so called because of the ecclesiastical link with the Patriarch of Antioch. Their liturgy is in Syriac.



A Deity in the Making

ASSUMPTION OF RAMKRISHNA PARAMHANSA
died March 15, 1886)
Swāmi Vivekānanda Rāmkrishna Paramhansa
In the top distance Krishna, with lute, and red-tongued Kali)

 [See page 190



Modern India's Pantheon

Rāmkrishna Deva. Dayānanda Saraswatī. Nānak. Sākta. Chaitanya Deva. Adināth. Moses.

Mādhavā. Mimbakā. Balavā. Rāmānujā. Sankarā. Buddha. Zoroaster. Jesus. Rāmmohan Roy.

this too." And then you remind yourself that the liturgy has been sung there on Indian soil for fifteen, or it may be even eighteen, centuries.

Not less thrilling must it be to sit as one of a great congregation of twenty thousand of these same white-robed Syrians at one of the annual Conventions of the Mar Thoma Church (Reformed Syrian). On the platform stands the speaker, and the message is handed on by persons posted at intervals down the vast throng till it reaches those in the backmost rows. The gatherings are held for the deepening of the spiritual life, and you have only to get close to some of these people to discover that these meetings have brought a deep note of intense piety into hundreds of Syrian homes.

In these Syrian Christians should centre the brightest hopes of the Church in India. Here you have a Christianity that is Asiatic in origin, Oriental in spirit and environment; independent Indian Christian Churches free of European control; centuries of inherited Indian Christian character quickened into new vitality and expression by sympathetic contact with the richest life of Western Christendom. The power and promise of such a history and position are equally obvious whether our eyes are on the growing national sentiment of India or on the lack of independence manifested by its Mission Churches.

What is the origin of this ancient Church? It is said to have been planted by St Thomas the Apostle. Certainly coins prove that there was a very close connection between the Malabar Coast and the Roman Empire in the first century; and

the present Jewish colony in Cochin may possibly date from those times. Three extant stone crosses, one at Mailapur and two in Travancore, place beyond reasonable doubt the presence of Christianity in South India at least as early as the seventh century.

An extant series of inscribed copper plates shows that the St Thomas Christians, as they have called themselves from very early times, were granted high and exclusive privileges, social and commercial, by the Hindu rulers of Malabar in the eighth century. The non-missionary character of the Church, whether due to caste infection from its Hindu environment or to decay of spiritual life within, is probably a chief cause of the measure of stagnation that marked Church life in Malabar down to the commencement of the nineteenth century. The geographical situation of Travancore also, wedged in a narrow strip of land between mountains and sea, has made it difficult for them to have a wider outlook than their own confines.

But there have been other causes. The great body of Christendom, whether Western or Eastern, from whose rich life this little Church has been so largely isolated, has done little for it except force on it, often most cruelly, its own divisions. In early days the St Thomas Christians were linked with the Nestorian Churches which spread their missionary network over so much of Asia. After the arrival of the Portuguese in India (in the days of Henry VII. of England) they were tricked, bribed, cajoled, coerced into communion with Rome.

On the removal of the Portuguese yoke a considerable part of the Church threw off the Roman

obedience and became allied with the Jacobite Syrian Church. In later years contact with reformed Christianity has brought to the Syrian Church new life and light,[1] and alas, new divisions also, while a dispute between rival hierarchies threatens yet further to rend the Jacobite Church. The Syrian Christians of Travancore at the Census of 1911 numbered about 710,000, divided into the following bodies placed in order of size: Roman Syrians, Jacobite Syrians, Mar Thoma Syrians. There are also smaller bodies of Chaldæan and Anglican Syrians. They form a quarter of the population of the State. In spite of its divisions Travancore is the nearest approach there is in India to a Christian country.

Rent, riven and distressed as they have been, the tides of new life are coursing through the ancient Churches and serve to reveal the wonderful devotional possibilities of the Indian character. These Churches are catching the missionary spirit. Christian Travancore fires the imagination, as it captures the heart, of the missionary strategist. It is the natural nucleus of India's Church. What shall we not see if it but bursts its selfish bounds and pours out the rivers of its life over the thirsty plains of India?

II. Roman Missions

During the seventh century Islam drove in a wedge which for five hundred years cut India off from all

[1] For twenty years the Church Missionary Society was entrusted with the training of the Jacobite Syrian clergy.

intercourse with the Christian West. About the year 1319, shortly after Marco Polo's travels, a Dominican and four Franciscans made their way overland to the west coast of India, where all but one were beheaded after great torture. So the second era of Indian Missions sprang from a martyr seed.

Two hundred years later Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape and arrived in Malabar in 1498. In 1542 there landed at Goa one of the most brilliant and dazzling figures in all missionary biography, Francisco Xavier, associate of Ignatius Loyola in the foundation of the Jesuit Order. His missionary labours lasted but ten years. But in this time he covered half a continent and planted Roman Missions, not only in many parts of India, but in China, Japan, and the Dutch Indies. Apostolic in heroic self-sacrifice and in devotion to the suffering, in burning zeal and tireless energy, in the magnificence of his plans, and the extent of his missionary travels, he would preach till his voice was gone and baptize till his arms fell exhausted to his sides. Nevertheless his methods seem to us strangely superficial. He learnt not a single vernacular of any of the countries in which he preached. How imperfect were his interpreters, the following extract reveals: "You can imagine the life I lead here, and what my sermons are like, when neither the people can understand the interpreter nor the interpreter the preacher—to wit, myself. I ought to be a past master in the language of dumb show. Nevertheless I am not altogether idle, for I need no translator's help in the baptism of newly-born children." [1]

[1] Richter, *History of Missions in India*, p. 47.

Though he baptized somewhere about forty thousand persons, he was wholly dissatisfied with the results of his work. He writes to Loyola: "The natives are so terribly wicked that they can never be expected to embrace Christianity."[1] His remedy was simple. In 1545 he wrote to the King of Portugal: "I have discovered a unique but as I surely believe a sure means . . . by which the number of Christians may without doubt be greatly increased. It consists in Your Majesty declaring clearly and decidedly that you entrust your principal concern, to wit, the propagation of our most holy faith, to the Viceroy and to all the Deputy Governors in India, rather than to all the clergy and priests."[2] Thenceforward the State was the chief arm of Jesuit Missions; with what results may be imagined. In the first hundred years Portuguese Missions made a quarter of a million converts. The number of Roman Catholics in India to-day has grown by natural increase and conversions to one and a half million.

After Xavier, the most romantic personality in Jesuit Missions is Robert de Nobili (1605-1656). He was a man who took the apostolic maxim literally and sought to become "an Indian to Indians." He described himself as a Brahman from the West, restoring to India a lost Veda. He donned the light yellow robe of a Sannyāsi Brahman, had sacred marks painted on his forehead, engaged Brahmans as his servants, and confined his menu to the vegetarian diet of the Brahmans.[3] He refused to have any

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 52. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. 52-3.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 60.

dealings with the lower castes or to minister (except surreptitiously) to low-caste Christians; they must have separate Churches. He did much of his work in Sanskrit. His methods aroused bitterest controversy both on account of the duplicity they involved and of the offensiveness of caste to Christianity. Their immediate success was not long-lived. The one hundred thousand Christians de Nobili left in Madura had dwindled to thirty-three thousand a century and a half later. Caste has tainted Roman Missions ever since.

III. Protestant Missions

Fifty years after de Nobili's death, the era of Protestant Missions to India opened in the adjoining State of Tanjore. The post of honour belongs to tiny Denmark; the same State that a century later offered an asylum at Serampore to the great trio of Baptist missionaries whom British India was unwilling to admit. The mission was Danish, but the men were German. Indeed, for more than a hundred years the Missionary Societies, both British and Continental, drew most of their recruits from Germany. All honour to those noble pioneers!

On July 9th, 1706, there arrived at Tranquebar two Lutherans, Ziegenbalg and Plutschau, the first lonely pioneers of the great army of Protestant missionaries who have poured through the breach they made. Despite the King of Denmark's letters in their interest, they encountered a freezing reception at the hands of the local Danish authorities. Scarcely permitted to land, insult, arrest, im-

prisonment were heaped upon them, and they were all but left to starve. When, through the fault of the drunken captain, the boat which was bringing for their work the equivalent of ten years' stipend was wrecked in six feet of water, the authorities in savage glee made no serious effort to recover the lost silver. True pattern of Protestant Missions ever since, their first work was to translate the New Testament into Tamil. Three years later the first English society to commence missionary operations, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, began to give the Danish Lutheran Mission financial support, a work for which it eventually became wholly responsible.

Very different was the position attained by their great successor, Christian Friedrich Schwartz, another German Lutheran, a position without parallel in Indian missionary history. The times were troublous. England and France were engaged in a death-struggle for supremacy in the East. Hyder Ali and the Marāthās were raiding India. When the British wanted as envoy to the Court of Hyder Ali a man on whose integrity the usurper would rely, their choice time and again fell upon the Christian missionary. Later, the English made him Regent of the State of Tanjore and guardian of the infant Rajah, whose beloved and trusted guide and friend he afterwards became.

Up to the year 1813 the attitude of the East India Company to missions, while at times friendly, as in South India, was generally indifferent, and later determinedly hostile. Clive tolerated Kiernander, the Swedish founder of the famous "Old Mission

Church" in Calcutta, because he was at the moment[1] the only clergyman to minister to Europeans in the city, and though in the course of his long ministry Kiernander baptized eight Muhammadans and ten Hindus, he could talk no vernacular, and his missionary work took a very subordinate place in his activities. Of eight missionaries who arrived in Calcutta, five were expelled (some were even charged for their passage home), and three took refuge in Danish Serampore and Dutch Chinsura.

Not till Wilberforce and his evangelical friends, in the teeth of twenty years of bitterest opposition, secured the insertion of clauses vaguely permissive of missions in the Company's Charter of 1813 was the way secured for missionary work in British India. Many good men spent in prayer the night of the critical division in the House of Commons. In spite of this success the Marquess of Hastings summed up the official opinion in regard to missionary work when he remarked: "One might fire a pistol into a magazine and it might not explode, but no wise man would hazard the experiment." In 1819 a Brahman non-commissioned officer was expelled from the Army because he had been baptized. Missions made their way into India in spite of the British Company.

To no man does the missionary cause, alike in England and in India, owe as much as to the "converted Baptist cobbler," William Carey. Founder of the Baptist Missionary Society at home, first British missionary in India, founder of the first

[1] Just after the tragedy of "The Black Hole," in which two Anglican clergymen perished.

University College in India at Serampore, first Master of the College of Fort William, publisher of a Sanskrit Grammar and Dictionary in English, creator of Bengali prose literature, founder of the first Bengali newspaper and the first English magazine in India, supervisor of the translation of the Scriptures into forty languages (including Chinese), founder of eighteen mission stations and founder of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Bengal; in what words is one to describe the massive genius and the bewildering energy of such a man? Never did man so realize the motto he set himself and others: "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." Few men have had less natural advantages. Few men have accomplished greater tasks.

Eking out by bootmaking the salary of £15 a year which he earned as minister of a small village congregation, Carey forced the question of their missionary obligations on the attention of Christian people at home by a famous tract published in 1792, and by his indomitable resolution opened a way for missionaries into Bengal. Refused admission as a missionary, he took service as an Indigo planter, and later with Marshman and Ward established himself in Danish Serampore. When out of their own earnings (Carey as professor in Fort William College, the other two as schoolmaster and printer) the heroic trio had saved enough to build Serampore College with its stately Hall and Library and its ample buildings, an unhappy Bank experience lost them all their savings. Nothing daunted, they set to work again and a second time raised the necessary

£15,000. They have blotted the word "impossible" out of the missionary's vocabulary.

Carey's example in the foundation of the Baptist Missionary Society quickly inspired emulation. The next decade witnessed the foundation of the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Yet the time seemed prohibitive of such vast enterprise as world-wide missions. England was in her death-grapple with Napoleon. British missions were born in heroic times. Shall these days of even greater stress witness the purposeful dedication of Christendom to the completion of the task then begun by the effective planting of the Church in every land?

A new era, not only in missions but in India's national life, dates from the arrival in Calcutta in 1830 of a brilliant young Scotsman, Alexander Duff. India stood at the parting of the ways. Was the British Rāj in India to have for its aim the perpetuation of its own domination over subject races, contented because ignorant, or the introduction of India into the richness of the life of modern civilization and the brotherhood of the nations? Duff knew which way the Gospel called—"If ye continue in My teaching ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. . . . I am the truth." In these words Duff recognized the charter of educational missions. Christ stands for enlightenment and emancipation. And He alone can safely guide the nations there. In a flash of genius Duff caught the vision of the Church leading India into light and truth, and therefore freedom. And the English language, vehicle alike of scientific knowledge and

of spiritual truth, must be the instrument. In July 1830 Duff, enthusiastically supported by the most enlightened of living Indians, Rām Mohan Roy, opened his new English School, precursor of the renowned Scottish Churches' College. Five years later Government accepted Duff's policy, and in Macaulay's famous Minute, inaugurated a national system of Western education. Duff and Carey, too, had no small place in the inspiration of Lord William Bentinck's noble and courageous reforms,—the abolition of *sati* and of State patronage of idolatry. But Duff's greatest triumphs were his converts. They were drawn from twenty-six of Calcutta's leading families. For decades they proved the backbone of the Christian Church in Northern India. Among them were such men as Dr Krishna Mohan Banurji, Kāli Charan Banurji, Bābu Singha, and Lāll Behāry Dey.

IV. The Day's Work of a Missionary

We have reached the period of modern missions. Leaving questions of history behind, let us come right up to date and ask: How does the missionary do his work to-day?

We will spend a day with an evangelistic missionary on tour among the villages. We are in tents under a shady grove of mango trees, and are wakened some time before 6 a.m. by sounds from the tent opposite where our preachers are sitting over their morning cup of tea. Preaching has to be done in the morning; the sun will be too hot by middle day. So dressing, devotions and early tea

have to be got into an hour or a little more. At 7 o'clock we start out after meeting together for our brief morning prayers.

The village we are making for is two miles away, by a path across the fields, now bare sunbaked soil. We gather on the roadway in front of the carpenter's shop, and a little crowd drawn by curiosity is soon around us. At the end of the village street a funeral procession is passing. That gives us our theme. We tell of Him who died and rose again and has destroyed for us the fear of death and opened the gate of everlasting life. Then, after selling a few farthing Gospels, we pass on to another part of the village, where we find a group collected, idly gossiping under the *neem* tree, outside the shoemaker's cottage. "Would you like to hear us sing?" we ask. " Yes, Sahib, is the reply," and a light bed is fetched out from the house behind. Seated on it we sing a Gospel chorus in the village patois over and over again till they have learned it. And then we expound its meaning. In the door of the cottage opposite, drawn by the refrain, the women are standing at a respectful distance to listen, while a score of children are squatting in a circle round us.

Telling them we hope to come again next day we make off to another village half a mile away, where there is a little mission school to be visited. Twenty or thirty boys and girls are seated in rows on the mud floor. The Arithmetic lesson is in progress. Putting them some questions to discover whether the teaching is intelligent, we pass on to the Scripture lesson which comes next, and explain a clause or two of the simple Catechism they are learning.

Noting that the roof needs repairs and that a new blackboard must be ordered, we leave to visit the Christian teacher's home. His younger brother is ill. We suggest a simple remedy and kneel by his cot in prayer. Then on to a house down the lane where two inquirers are being prepared for baptism by this solitary sentinel of the Christian army.

Think of these lonely Christian witnesses and their families living amid heathendom with only Bible, Prayer and Hymn Book and half a dozen Christian pamphlets for their entire library, and the nearest Christian family nine miles away. Shall we not pray for them, we who owe so immeasurably much to the constant stimulus of Christian society and worship?

Back to camp at eleven for a late breakfast, and for the prayer and preparation for which the morning left no time. Then the postman brings our letters and waits to take back the answers. What is that little group standing respectfully under the tree yonder? It is the village headman and some friends from the place at which we preached last night, anxious to know whether we cannot open a school in their village. They will provide a room and pay what fees they can. We talk matters over and promise to do our best to send a teacher. We have hardly done with them when our preachers gather for our daily preparation class and prayer. Arrangements are made and slides chosen for the magic lantern service to be held that evening in the little town close by.

But yonder are some visitors? It is a group of Brahman students with an older gentleman who

wishes us to honour him by coming to a feast in his house next afternoon, to be followed by a discussion on some religious questions raised by a Christian tract they have been reading. The invitation is of course accepted.

Tea over, and some arrangements completed with the local contractor for repairs to the tile roof of the school, we make our way to the tree under which our lantern sheet is being hung, and go round the lanes near by, inviting the people to the service. By the time it is dark an audience of three or four hundred has collected, and for an hour and a half they listen, eagerly attentive, or quieting with a resounding slap some chattering boy, while we go very slowly and with much repetition and amplification over the parable of the Prodigal Son,—omitting the incident of the fatted calf! Several Gospels are sold and tracts distributed, and so we make our way home to dinner; which over, the evening is given to letters for the English mail, or to discussion with the cartmen of arrangements for moving our Camp in two days' time.

Very different is the time-table of the educational missionary living in a Hostel with his College students. Forty or fifty out of the two hundred may be Christians, the rest Hindus with a sprinkling of Muhammadans. Up at 6 a.m., you go across to Chapel at 6.30 for morning prayers. Slipping off their shoes the white-robed lads one by one glide noiselessly in, and take their place upon the carpeted floor. The sense of the Presence awes into true worship. Perhaps one or two of the more earnest Hindus are present too. The hour till 8 a.m. is

sacred for private prayer. Then tea and the morning's newspaper, after which you are ready for visitors.

First comes the Y.M.C.A. Secretary to remind you of a religious lecture you have promised to give that evening. Then the father of one of the students enters, a Government official, anxious about his son's health and to get a testimonial that will help him to a good appointment. You tell the father your chief anxiety is about the boy's moral health, and you instil into him something of a parent's opportunities in that regard. By now it is nearly 9 o'clock, and it is time to get across to the office. On the way you look in to see a couple of sick students, who greatly appreciate a visit from their Principal.

Before breakfast at 9.30 you have opened a score of letters, and put them in the basket ready for your clerk with brief instructions noted in the corner as to how to deal with each. At 10 o'clock you are back in office. First is a string of students to be "hauled" for being late for Roll-call in the Hostel, or for some equally petty offence. Fines of twopence are dealt round kindly and liberally. Some students are waiting for "leaves" of various kinds; others come with the eternal and hopeless appeal for a reduction in their fees. It is desperately hard to have to say "No," knowing how poor they are. All you can do is to promise some personal help, to supplement what they may get from friends. Then the repairs contractor comes in for orders; and the Senior Tutor to discuss a change in the timetable.

At 10.30 three of your students come to you for

tuition. At 11.0 the Captain of Football comes; he wants a College grant for the expenses of a "foreign" match. Or the Editor of the College Magazine is waiting, to remind you your promised article is overdue and must come in to-day. Somebody on the telephone—but we will not describe the endless interruptions caused by that modern instrument of torture and time-saving.

Then comes a really interesting talk (accompanied by a continuous succession of knocks at the door, and "Wait a minute, please") with the Secretary of the College Social Service League about the details of a Co-operative Bank they are starting for the leather-workers, burdened with debt and drink, who live in the slum close by the College. Then on to your bicycle, to escort a sick student to the hospital, and to settle him comfortably in. You return to find a Muhammadan (and very feckless) convert from Persia waiting for an interview. He is in desperate straits and seems unable to help himself or to stick to any of the many jobs you find him. Or there is a Christian student you have summoned for a very serious talk about himself; or there is a Confirmation Class in Chapel. Back to office for a few minutes to sign a dozen cheques and as many letters prepared by your clerk, and the bell goes for the Interval, which is used by the Christian Staff for a period of concerted "Silence" in the Chapel; a time of precious dew to the soul, and inspiring silent intercession. The Chapel is the power-house of the College. It is there that things really happen.

Next comes the opportunity of a life-time—only

it comes to you every day!—your College Bible Class. There are fifty Hindus in the room, books down and chin on doubled elbow, all attention. First there is a pause for three minutes of silent prayer and preparation, each in his own fashion. You could hear a pin drop. And then for half an hour you face the rows of upturned faces, so intelligent, so eager, so responsive; the listless are a small minority. You tell the latter that if they do not want religious teaching you will gladly give them a transfer to some other College. But in the case of most, you see them drinking down the glorious good news of the emancipating power of the Holy Spirit's life within. Matchless opportunity for seed-sowing in the hearts of those who will be India's makers. And they are such a lovable and wistful crowd.

Lunch at two is followed by your History lecture, when you can let them see that freedom springs from character. Returning to your office you find a "patriot" student who wants your advice and protection. He was in gaol for seven months awaiting trial on a charge of anarchist conspiracy. He is one of the brightest and keenest lads you have, and is learning better ways of serving his country. After him comes one of your Hindu inquirers. You take him to the Chapel for half an hour's private Bible study. He wants more than the daily Bible Class.

Tea follows, to the accompaniment of a talk over Christian work in the College with the Christian Union Secretary. Then a short game of tennis, and you are off to your Y.M.C.A. lecture on "The

Possibility of Forgiveness." A gathering of fifty interested Hindu students from other Colleges is waiting for you. Back for a Prefects' Meeting: to discuss some grave problem raised by the admission to the College of an out-caste student, whose entrance into the dining-hall will defile them all. Dinner follows, and then evening Chapel; after which you make your way round the Hostel, and have a couple of intensely interesting talks with men in their rooms, where they tell you of their life-story and their perplexities. And so to bed at 10.30, glad you are a missionary.

V. Problems of the Missionary Church

Medical missions, Zenana missions, Orphanages, Workshops, Leper and Blind Asylums, Normal Schools, must be catalogued, and not described. Each is more interesting and more important than the other! But a paragraph must be given to the little known Munitions Department, at the back of all these missionaries on active service; the small group of literary missionaries, whose work it is to translate the Scriptures, or to write the hymns or tracts or booklets, which are the preacher's most effective ammunition. The sword of the Spirit is still the word of God. Over a million "farthing" copies of the Gospels and other Biblical portions are sold each year in India by preachers and colporteurs. The printed page is God's silent messenger in countless homes never entered by a Christian worker.

No need is more urgent than the reinforcement

of this tiny group of literary workers. A Christian library has yet to be created for each of the four hundred non-European languages into which the Bible is translated. For lack of it the great convert Churches of the mission field are intellectually and spiritually starved. There is next to no Christian literature of any kind in the Indian vernaculars. The Indian Christian with a dozen books in his own language has a well-stocked library, and he is hard to find.

Now what is the aim of all this singularly diverse missionary activity? What is the one grand end that gives coherence and unity to the whole, the one clear objective determining every question of mission policy and governing all mission strategy? Is it the rescue of individual souls or the effective planting of the Church of Christ? Ultimately almost every problem that exercises the missionary mind may be resolved into this fundamental issue.

There will be different answers to this question. And some will deny that any question exists. They will affirm that in practice the two contrasted aims are identical, and just mean each other. And these come very near the truth. Yet there is a distinction between them, the understanding of which is absolutely vital, if we are intelligently to co-operate in the great plan of the Spirit.

In the early days of a Mission, when the first missionary landed, let us say in heathen Bengal, there could be no object other than the bringing of individual souls to living faith in Jesus Christ. But what then? Is the missionary (and his successors) to stay there for ever, saving individual souls?

There will always be plenty of that to be done anywhere. But if that were his object, why did he not stay in England? There were crowds of souls to be saved there also. Why did not St Paul stay in Cyprus till the whole island had been Christianized? And what was St Paul's object in each new city that he came to? We are not told of the number of converts he made in most places, and whether it was large or small. No, the important thing was this, that in each place he visited the Church was planted. Later he would visit and revisit the Churches and send them letters, the better to equip them for their task. But he never stayed on as resident superintending missionary.

Every Christian man is saved that thenceforth he may be, by the life of God flowing through him, a saviour of other men. And that is true of the missionary also. But in his rescuing of men, the *missionary* is called to the further special work of building them up into a Church—and then his business is to pass on, and to seek to save souls somewhere else, and to help in building them too into a living Church. The aim of missions is to plant the Church effectually everywhere: that thenceforth in each place God may have His Body, through which to do His work in the rescue and perfecting of all mankind.

A clear grasp of this primary function of missions will give us the clue to most of our missionary problems. For instance, is the district missionary to aim at as wide a diffusion as possible of acquaintance with the Gospel message, in order that as far as possible every one may have a chance of accepting

it; or is he to aim at making such a profound impression on a more limited area, that the Church shall really take root somewhere?

The district missionary must answer these questions, in order to determine whether in his annual camping tour he is to cover the same ground every year and leave the rest of his district untouched; or to tour each year in a new direction, so that in ten years' time he may have preached the Gospel once at least in each village in his district. Is he to aim at evangelizing an area, or winning individuals? How large an area is he to cover, and to regard as "his own"; in such a sense that he may reasonably ask that other missions should not enter it? So this same fundamental question has brought us face to face with the great issue of the comity of missions—of which more hereafter.

Again, is the centre of the missionary's work to be in a town or in the villages? Ninety per cent of the population of India live in villages, ninety per cent of the missionaries live in towns. The millions of India are outspread, tranquil and laborious, in thousands and thousands of sun-baked villages over dusty plains, or amid steamy palm groves. The density of the village population in parts of India is very great. In Bengal there are 551 people to the square mile, in the United Provinces there are 427.[1] This seems to call for a radical redistribution of the missionary force. But, on the other hand, convenience, supplies, central position, communications, all suggest the town as the place for the missionary's home. And St Paul

[1] In the British Isles there are 380 people to the square mile.

made for the towns. (Did he do so because the Jews lived in the towns, and because it was among the Jews and the devout whom they had influenced that he could find rapid anchorage for the Church ?) But, again, the influence of the example of the missionary's daily life is at a minimum in a large town, where he may be but one of an English Colony the impact of whose life upon the neighbourhood may be largely irreligious. In a village we all know one another. In a town we do not know our next-door neighbour. And town life brings many distractions and interruptions to the missionary. In a village all his life tells all the time, and its fame spreads through the other villages. The movements towards Christianity in India have almost all been in the villages. The writer does not know of a single town, for all the town-dwelling missionaries, that has witnessed any large ingathering. And for a hundred years there has been no big ingathering, until the recent opening of mass movement work.

A clear eye to concentration will ensure a coordination of work among both sexes such as that attempted by the linked Community missions. You may get converts from a single sex, but hardly a Church. And yet, in one town there will only be men missionaries; in another only women. There are hardly any men in India who are free for visitation of the kind accomplished by zenana missionaries. Indeed, it is startling to find how little work, other than administration or the conduct of institutions, is done in cities even where there is a large missionary staff. In Calcutta out of forty-six men missionaries there are not more than two or

three, if that, who are giving most of their time to preaching or visitation.

The educational missionary, too, has to choose between diffusion and concentration. It might seem proper that he should admit to his school or college only as many pupils as he may reasonably hope to influence deeply. Influence may be spread out so thin that it will not get home anywhere. But is he then to say "No" to the hundreds of would-be pupils who are ready to receive Christian instruction? Is the educationalist to aim at the *preparatio evangelica* which consists in a wide diffusion of Christian ideals throughout the educated community of India, or is he to make all his plans with a view to making converts? Which method will most quickly bring into being the live Church, which is the missionary's objective?

Again, will one School with a wholly Christian staff accomplish most, or half a dozen with a sprinkling of Christians on the staff? If wide diffusion be the missionary's aim, he will get out of his staff all the teaching they can do. If converts are his aim, he will probably see to it that numbers are cut down till no Christian teacher takes more classes than will leave him leisure and freshness for that personal intercourse with his students without which conversions are improbable. Mr Rudra, the Indian Principal of St Stephen's College, Delhi (Cambridge University Mission), uncompromisingly declares that our aim must be "the creation of a profound Christian impression, rather than the diffusion of a Christian atmosphere." Unfortunately our educational institutions are so undermanned that there

are but few of the missionaries who are not too overburdened with the necessary routine of work to have much time or strength left for personal intercourse with their pupils; which is good neither for the conservation of the missionary's own spiritual powers nor for the missionary efficiency of the institution. The sad fact is that the decisive factor in most cases is likely to be finance. In the absence of a liberal endowment, a large fee income is necessary to pay expenses.

But we are confronted by a wider application of the same antithesis. Are we justified in placing so many of our missionaries in educational institutions where they can influence so few, instead of planting them out all through the villages of India? The comparative productiveness of the two types of work is not in question. Outside mass movement areas there is not much to choose. While conversions of pupils actually at school are not frequent—chiefly because they are under age or still dependent upon parents who would turn them penniless on the street the day they became Christians—district missionaries in other than mass movement areas will testify that the great majority of their converts received their earliest impulse towards Christianity in a mission school. The district missionary reaps what the educational missionary has sown.

Nor is the legitimacy impugned of spending time in imparting general education. The hours spent in teaching English and History may be at least as fruitful in their Christian influence as the hours spent by the district missionary in tramping from

one village to another. And admittedly the educational missionary does as much preaching of the Gospel as his brother in the district. In the daily Bible Class he gets an audience which in size, attention, intelligence, influence and manifest responsiveness will compare favourably with any in the district. Again, the question is: Which is likely to give us most quickly the self-propagating Church that is our aim?

But the same great question cuts deeper still. Is the primary aim of our schools and colleges to be the education of Christian or non-Christian pupils? Put thus baldly, every missionary will answer: no non-Christian must be admitted till all would-be Christian pupils have been accommodated. He will go further and say: we must do all in our power to see that every Christian receives a decent education. And the fact that to-day 78 per cent of the Indian Christian Church is illiterate suggests that the education of the Christian community will tax to the utmost all the resources of the missionary body.

But questions still remain. In a mixed school and college, is the training of the group of Christians to be the missionary's first charge, and is he only to admit as many non-Christians as can be received consistently with that dominating aim? Some will say "No," and will even argue that it is unreasonable to expect a Church recruited mainly from the lower classes (and such is the Indian Church to-day) to be the means of winning high-caste India. To which the history of the early Church (1 Cor. i. 26-30) is perhaps sufficient answer. There is in

India to-day a body of four million Christian people. If our missionary aim be the equipment of an indigenous Church to be the instrument of the evangelization of India, there can be little doubt that we shall concentrate our energies upon the education of India's Christians. They are to be the leaven. This does not mean that we shall confine our Schools and Colleges to Christian pupils. No Christian life in India can be natural or healthy that is not unselfish and missionary in its outlook. The presence of a certain number of non-Christian pupils will put the Christians on their mettle and call out all that is best in them. But the aim of the institution will be the education of the Christian Church. No danger is so acute in India to-day as that of an illiterate Church.

A clearly-defined policy of concentration will greatly ease the urgency of another burning question in mission politics,—the comity of missions. This is the term used to cover all those friendly arrangements between missions by which it is sought to mitigate the evils that arise from our sectarian divisions. A mission claims to be in occupation of a district far larger than it is able effectually to work. Another mission proposes to enter one side of this district. Now if each mission would confine itself to the area it could really work, no difficulty would arise.

But territorial arrangements of this kind are only a temporary makeshift, of use so long as the vastness of the unreached areas leaves room for all to work without collision. It is no final remedy. For if my branch of the Church stands for something of

real value which the denomination in the adjoining area does not possess, I ought to do my best to give that something to every Christian in that area; but if nothing essential divides us, why do we not join forces to-morrow?

Not even the best will in the world can avail to deal with some of the grievous injuries inflicted by our divisions. In a certain part of India a remarkable movement towards Christ has recently arisen in a self-contained sect of mystics, numbering several hundreds. It seems not to be traceable to the influence of any mission, but to an independent work of preparation by the Holy Spirit. The greater part are resident in an area worked by the Baptists. About a quarter are in the adjoining Anglican district. Its ramifications may extend to Wesleyan or Congregationalist territory. Are these people, now one in Muhammad, to be baptized by these different Churches, and so to find themselves divided by Christ and out of communion with one another? Or should the Baptist Mission follow them up, and establish Baptist Churches alongside Anglican wherever disciples of this sect of mystics may be found? What right have we to force our Western divisions upon a single movement of the Holy Spirit? May we not grieve the Spirit and stay His working? Time will not wait for us to settle our problem of inter-communion. While European Christendom delays to heal its quarrels, we are doing an injury grievous beyond all telling to the infant Churches of the Orient. It is not a matter of the ancient schisms. We are rending new-born Churches. Is Christ divided? Yes.

It is a matter for deep thankfulness that almost all the Indian missions are now accepting the comity arrangements suggested by the National Missionary Council of India, a body representative of all except Roman Catholic Missions. Missionaries will no longer enter each other's spheres without previous consultation. They will not attract by higher pay workers from another mission. They will not accept without further question Christians from another Church who, while under Church discipline or excommunication, discover the form of government of some other branch of the Church to have divine authority! But we are yet far from clearing the way so that the Church of India may be one. There lies by far the gravest missionary problem of the Church. And the roots of the difficulty are not in the mission field, but at home.

Chapter VI

THE SUBMERGED SIXTH

I. The Sources from which the Indian Church is drawn

There are more than four million members of the Indian Church to-day. A million of them were added during the ten years that preceded the last census (1911). There are Provinces in which, during that decade, the Christian population increased by 400 per cent. The Presbyterian Church in the Panjab, comprising 40,000 members, is adding 25 per cent to its membership every year. In the Telugu country the number of Christians has grown in forty years from 19,000 to 342,000. The Methodist Episcopal Church has baptized 150,000 persons in the past five years.

Whence has come this great mass of accessions to the Christian Church? A few have come from the highest Hindu castes: some more from the artisan classes of Hindu society, though this great section of the population, numbering over a hundred and ten millions, is still largely untouched. Islam, too, has yielded a steady stream of converts. There are over a hundred Christian ministers to-day who were born in the faith of Muhammad. But the great mass of Christian converts have come from

the ranks neither of orthodox Hinduism nor of Islam. Startling but true.

II. Who are the Outcastes?

The Hinduism we have been studying is in truth a large but exclusive aristocracy. For ages it has exploited a whole race of serfs doomed to degradation without parallel in history. These are the strata below and outside Hinduism, the submerged sixth of India. Indirectly we have been conscious of their presence as a kind of sombre ghostly background to our picture; much as the slaves of Attica flit uneasily as setting to Pericles' glowing picture of the free democracy of Athens. Their touch defiles a Hindu. They may enter no Hindu temple. No Brahman priest may minister to them.

A sort of human refuse, Hinduism spurned and disowned them till about ten years ago, when the Hindu self-consciousness began to concern itself seriously with the danger that these outcaste masses might pass over wholesale to Christianity or Islam. In the first flush of nationalist enthusiasm small account was taken of religious difference. But the grant to Indian Musalmans of proportional representation on the new Legislative Councils made Hinduism anxious about the retention of its numerical preponderance. This race of long-lost brethren must at all costs be secured to Hinduism. The political spark kindled a fire that had been long preparing. Pangs of uneasy but hitherto dormant conscience were aroused. For decades Christian missions, by practice and

by precept, had been building up a conscience of human brotherhood. And whatever may have been the historical occasion that first fired the train, it is generally a genuine enthusiasm for humanity that moves the student worker in the ranks of Hindu missions to the depressed classes to-day. In many places most excellent and devoted work is being done by Hindus. A high caste man has been known to help in washing the Panchāma boys attending the Social Service Schools.

Hinduism is at last bestirring itself about the bettering of the condition of these fifty million serfs. But "the principles of the movement are far from clear. Is the pariah to be made less miserable but kept in his place all the same, or is he to be no longer 'untouchable' and to be admitted to ordinary social intercourse? No one dare give a plain answer to the question. On the (Hindu) committees of the movement there are two sets of leaders—those who are prepared to give up caste distinctions, and treat the pariahs as the missionaries treat them, and those who are nervous about going too fast, and anxious only to make the pariah's lot a little better. It is the latter party which at present always carries the day." [1]

Mrs Besant loudly trumpets social reform, but her Central Hindu College at Benares and the Theosophical Schools at Ernakulam and Madanapalle refuse admission to all outcastes and Panchāmas. At the annual gathering of a large Hindu sect held recently, the audience that listened enthusiasti-

[1] Phillips, *The Outcastes' Hope*, p. 23.

cally to an eloquent address on universal brotherhood dispersed to hold their separate caste meals.

For what do the Sacred Scriptures of the Hindus enjoin about these people? Here is the law of Manu on the subject: "The abode of a Chandāla . . . must be out of the town. They must not have the use of entire vessels; their sole wealth must be dogs and asses. Their clothes must be the mantles of the deceased; their dishes for food broken pots; their ornaments rusty iron; continually must they roam from place to place. Let no man who regards his duty, religious and civil, hold any intercourse with them; let their transactions be confined to themselves and their marriages be only between equals. Let food be given to them in potsherds, but not by the hand of the giver; and let them not move about by night in cities and towns." Happily even those who are most zealous to walk in the traditions of their fathers find it hard to kick against the pricks of a conscience sharpened by Christian education.

The condition of these downtrodden outcastes is deplorable indeed. Filthy hovels, carrion or rats for food; with no desire to rise, till the Gospel quickens a new sense of manhood. Two months ago, the writer saw a horrid sight. A group of degraded creatures were sitting round a crimson heap. It was the carcase of an animal that had died by the road, which they were tearing in pieces for a meal. At a little distance, kept off by angry shouts, was a circle of scavenger dogs, waiting greedily for what should be left.

Drunkenness is rampant among them: a

drunkenness, which, as a temporary alleviation, is at once result and reinforcing cause of their desperate poverty. A period of scarcity brings these people to the verge of starvation. "I have seen," says Mr Phillips, "a man come home late at night to a family of five persons with a smile of triumph at his success, and all that he had brought in a filthy pot as his day's wages was a mass of millet gruel about equivalent to the porridge which two English children take for breakfast, and that was the sole nourishment of five persons for that twenty-four hours. The householder next door had failed altogether, and he and his family had gone hungry to bed after drinking a little salt and water at food time." This poverty leads to crushing indebtedness. In famine time a man will mortgage all his property; and a common interest to pay is an anna per rupee per month which works out at the modest rate of 75 per cent.

III. The Religion of the Outcastes

But what is the religion of these fifty millions, if it be not Hinduism? It is labelled "animism," but it is in truth the old pre-Aryan religion of the peoples of India. It is practised to-day, not only by the outcaste tribes of India, but, in the South, by all the non-Brahman classes of society. Indeed, the village deity in South India is generally worshipped by the whole village, Brahmans included. Animism among these people takes a dual form. On the one hand they believe that each village is

surrounded by evil spirits who are always on the watch to inflict diseases and misfortunes of all kinds on the unhappy villagers: they lurk everywhere, on the tops of palmyra trees, in caves and rocks, in ravines and chasms: they fly about in the air, like birds of prey, ready to pounce on any unprotected victim. On the other hand there are the village deities, whose function it is to ward off these evil spirits and protect the village from epidemics of cholera, small-pox or fever, from cattle disease, failure of crops, childlessness, fires, and all the manifold ills that flesh is heir to in an Indian village.[1] But these village deities themselves are persons of most uncertain temper, very apt to fly into a rage and inflict the very ills it is their business to ward off. So the villager spends his life in constant terror of his unseen enemies and friends alike.

"The sole object of the worship of these village deities is to propitiate them and to avert their wrath. There is no idea of praise and thanksgiving, no expression of gratitude or love, no desire for any spiritual or moral blessings. The one object is to get rid of cholera, small-pox, cattle disease or drought, or to avert some of the minor evils of life. The worship, therefore, in most of the villages, only takes place occasionally. Sometimes there are daily offerings . . . but the general attitude of the villager towards his village deity is 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' So long as everything goes on well . . . it seems safest to let her alone. But when misfortune comes, it is a sign that she is out

[1] Whitehead, *Village Gods of South India*, pp. 43-4.

of temper, and it is time to take steps to appease her wrath." [1]

The village deities are legion, and their ranks are constantly reinforced by fresh accessions. "It is easy to observe a deity in the making even at the present day. . . . About sixty years ago a Hindu widow, named Ramamma, contracted immoral relations with one of her servants, Buddha Sahib. Her brother was so angry that he murdered them both. Then the cattle plague broke out, and the villagers connected it with the wrath of the murdered Ramamma, and instituted special rites to pacify her spirit. And now, whenever there is cattle-plague in the district two rough wooden images to represent Maddha Ramamma and Buddha Sahib, with two images of local goddesses as their attendants, are put in a small wooden cart, and dragged in procession at night round all the principal streets, accompanied by fireworks, music and dancing girls of loose character connected with the Hindu temples. Finally, the cart is dragged to the boundary of the village lands and thrown into the territory of the adjacent village, in order to transfer to it the angry spirit of Ramamma. Temples have been built to Plague-amma during the last ten years, as a result of the prevalence of plague." [2]

Certain differences sharply divide the cult of these village deities from that of the Brahman gods. Shiva, Vishnu and their company have a definite place in a religion that sought to solve the problems of the universe. "But the problems

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 44. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 16.

that interest the villagers are those of village life: famine, cholera, cattle-disease and the rest. Shiva and Vishnu may be more dignified beings, but the village deity is a more present help in trouble." Where Brahman influence is strong, and a relationship between the two sets of divinities is attempted, the village godlets are tacked on to the Brahman deities as their wives or attendants. The village divinities are generally female, perhaps as being the gods of the agricultural classes, while the more martial Aryans generally worship male powers. Unlike the Brahman gods, they are worshipped with animal sacrifices, and the priests are drawn from the very lowest classes. The shrines are bald and crude in the extreme, and the images are often nothing more than shapeless stones. The villager pays his respects at the proper times to both sets of deities indifferently; but the worship of the village godlets is the real religion, which colours and determines all their thinking about the unseen world, of eighty per cent of the population of South India.

The chief worship of these deities consists in the occasional or annual sacrifice of animals. The ceremonies may extend over several days. Bullocks, sheep, goats and pigs are sacrificed. The details vary greatly and are often most revolting. One of the celebrants will carry the entrails of the victim in his mouth and round his neck. Another will drink the blood from the severed neck till he has drained the carcase. The proceedings often end in the transportation of the image of the goddess, to whom the sacrifice has been offered,

to the fields of the next village, that she may empty the vials of her wrath on other heads.

Here you have surviving into the twentieth century the primitive religion of the aboriginal inhabitants of the land, dating back four thousand years to the time before the Aryan invasion. It has existed side by side with the imported Aryan religion, superimposed upon the older inhabitants as the cult of the superior people. But the Brahman priests, in order to secure their hold upon the people of the land, have had to make terms with their crude superstitions. All down the centuries there has been a steady infiltration of the ideas and practices of the aborigines into the purer philosophic Brahman faith. This contamination is perhaps responsible for the amazing medley of contradictory beliefs and customs that Hinduism manifests to-day. There was no idolatry in the *Rig-Veda,* no gloomy view of life as an evil from which to seek release. These corruptions and such cults as that of the fierce Kālī and many another of the Hindu pantheon, are doubtless Dravidian and aboriginal modifications of the Aryan creed. Yet the witchcraft of the *Atharva-Veda* is evidence that Aryan and Dravidian superstition were not so far apart.

Try to combine this infinitely diverse village cult with the equally diverse Brahman system outlined in earlier chapters, so as to form one harmonious whole, and you begin to have some conception of the bewildering complexity of Hinduism; some conception too of the mental and spiritual condition of the Hindu who tries to

put his religious thought in order that he may extract therefrom the help and illumination he needs for the daily battle of life.

IV. The Appeal of Christianity: Mass Movements

One thing, however, is not hard to understand, and that is the measureless relief and emancipating hope with which the village outcaste population receive the glad tidings of the Gospel. The story of one single God of all the universe, an omnipotent Father of infinite love and spotless purity—which of us can even guess what the entrance of the Light must mean to one of these darkened, fear-crushed hearts? Who can gauge the liberating uplift of the message that tells him he is a Man, brother of the Son of Man, Jesus, and of all men everywhere? "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of prison to them that are bound." Is it not worth while to be a missionary?

And so the wandering and torn and lacerated sheep are finding their way to the Good Shepherd by the thousand and ten thousand. Notice that phenomenon. They come not in ones or twos as individuals, but in groups and masses. Once more we are faced by the great monster of caste. In India thought is free, not action. A man may think and believe what he likes; he may be

pantheist or polytheist or atheist, and be a Hindu still. But his actions are not free. He must eat what his caste eats, drink what his caste drinks, wear what his caste wears, follow the trade proper to his caste, and marry a wife within the caste. He acts, not as an individual, but caste-wise. It does not occur to him that he can be religious by himself. Religion above all else is surely social, a matter of the community, the caste. The village deity was goddess of all the village; together they suffered for her wrath, together they appeased her in sacrifice. If Jesus is to be God instead, He surely must be God of the whole village too.

And so they come to the missionary in groups and villages at a time. He would like to take and baptize them one by one, as he can test and teach them. But he must take them all together, or not at all.

It is not so unlike what has happened in the Church before. The conversion of the nations has conformed generally to one of two types. First, there is the method exemplified in the history of the Jews: centuries of national preparation, and then the Church is born in a day. To emphasize the point by a slight exaggeration; we may say that St Paul lands in a city one week, preaches the next, baptizes the next, ordains a ministry the next, and then sails away, leaving a Church behind him. In the case of the Jew baptism represented the climax to a long preparatory process. Very different was the case of the conversion of the peoples of Northern and Western Europe. The Chief would be baptized; and on

the same day some hundred of his followers: with the result that the Church was swamped with a mass of baptized pagans. Our task in Europe to-day is still the true conversion of the nominally Christian masses. In this case baptism is not the climax but the first step in the process of Christianization.

We have both these processes existing simultaneously in India, and for a single reason—caste, which causes men to move together, or not move, in the block. Caste, in the case of these downtrodden multitudes, who are brought in masses to the Church, is our present greatest opportunity, and our future greatest difficulty. In the case of the educated classes, permeated with Christian teaching but still immobile, caste is our present greatest obstacle, but our future ally.

What are the motives with which these outcastes come? Very mixed certainly, and not very clear to themselves. "Social unrest, hunger after a better life, desire for freedom from the thraldom of caste and demonolatry, the oppression of the higher castes, the attractiveness of the Christian conception of God and the Saviour, the unmistakable evidence of changed lives"[1] —these, and many others, are the motives that bring a community to move towards Christianity. Some act of tyranny on the part of landlord or petty official may be the providential occasion that precipitates their action.

But the desire for social betterment, the first experience of human kindliness and brotherhood

[1] Bishop of Dornakal.

in the missionary, the sense that Christianity is a better religion: these three causes at least are almost always present. It does not mean that they are "converted people." "It only means that these people have overcome the prejudice and conservatism of generations, have broken with the traditional faith of their forefathers, and have unreservedly given themselves up to the influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." "They have entered a new environment and their feet are set on the long road of progress instead of being fixed in the old bog of superstition." They give the Christian teacher full opportunity to do with them the best he can. "Their accession is thus a challenge to the Gospel to prove its superhuman power of transforming human character." [1]

V. Problems

Be it always remembered that a mass movement is not a missionary method of our choosing. It is a tide we have to take advantage of, or lose. For the tide ebbs. There are districts in India to-day where years ago there was a live mass movement. The opportunity was not taken. The whole area has lapsed again to listlessness, for it has lapsed to Islam. For these outcaste tribes are being incorporated by Islam almost as rapidly as by the Church. It is not unfair to say it is a race as to which religion will get in first. And once a man has entered Islam, he is infinitely further removed from responsiveness to Christian influences.

[1] Bishop of Dornakal.

Occasionally in individual cases the motives from which these people act are not so much mixed as bad. "One man is on the police list of K.D.'s (known depredators), and imagines quite erroneously that the police are less likely to trouble him if he is under the ægis of a mission. Another has a debt of £20 and supposes that the missionary will consider £20 a low price for the privilege of baptizing him."[1] With such cases the missionary will know how to deal. One test of sincerity is generally present—persecution. This takes the form of exclusion from the village well, wrongful deprivation of land, or, it may be, a violent beating almost to the point of death.

Time and again the missionary will be cheered by a sincerity of motive, which is as satisfying as it is simple. "Why did you become Christians?" one community were asked. "Because we were bad and wanted to be better," was the reply. Or again, when the Bishop of Dornakal asked some candidates for Confirmation, "What difference has Christianity made to you?" the answer was: "We are happy now. We used always to be afraid of devils, we are not afraid of them now."

How actually do these things happen? "You are sitting at work one day in your bungalow at head-quarters when there comes a deputation of elderly men to see you. They bring a document formally drawn up and signed; from which it appears that they are the elders of the village twenty miles away. They want to be taught the Religion. They have heard of the Teaching from friends and

[1] Phillips, *The Outcastes' Hope*, p. 44.

relations in another village, and they think it good. They are ready to build a Chapel, or perhaps have built one, and to provide a teacher's house, and they promise to send all their boys to school. All they want now is a teacher.

"What is your first impulse when you have heard their tale? Is it not to start off at once to see these interesting people who are so anxious to become Christian? But wait a moment. You have fifty other congregations to look after, and there are practically no roads in your district, and no inns, so you cannot dash off at a moment's notice to see anybody. Besides your tours are all arranged for two months to come, and you are not going to be anywhere near this particular village. What possible answer can you give but that you will come when you can? And, as to the teacher, well, perhaps you already have on your list two or three villages waiting for teachers. But if by great good luck you happen to have a teacher ready, you may send him to begin work, and in course of time, it may be after four or five months, when the work is in full swing, you pay your first visit to your expectant converts." [1]

How much is to be required of these simple people before they are admitted to the Church? "Before we receive by baptism," writes Bishop Warne of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "we require that certain conditions be met. All heathen shrines in the *Mohalla* (or caste ward) have to be torn down by the people themselves. Every *chutia*—the tuft of hair left long on the crown of the head, by

[1] Hibbert Ware, *The East and The West*, 1915, p. 203.

means of which the soul is believed to be drawn from the body after death, and which is an ever present symbol of Hinduism—is cut off; and every charm or symbol of idolatrous worship on the necks and arms of the women and children is removed. . . . The *Chaudhuris* (headmen) are required to promise for the *Mohalla*, and each individual for himself, that heathen shrines will not be rebuilt in the *Mohalla* and that there will be in it no more of heathen worship. (Marriage rites are the special difficulty.) Each individual is asked before baptism, 'Are you willing to suffer persecution?' and 'Will you give to the support of the work of sending the Gospel to others?' . . . No one is baptized who has more than one wife."[1] Recitation from memory of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed is generally required. But even this is sometimes an impossibility. A catechist struggled in vain to teach the Lord's Prayer to an old woman, who was full of joy in her new found Heavenly Father. The first clause satisfied all her deepest longings; an omnipotent and loving Father in place of all the idols and evil spirits. Nothing beyond that first clause had any interest for her. When she was pressed to go on, she would answer: "What need is there? What more do I want?" And there it had to stop.

It is a constant problem, to hit the mean that ensures an intelligent and purposeful desire to follow Jesus Christ, without repelling one whose heart the Lord has secretly prepared. And there

[1] Bishop Warne, *India's Mass Movement*, p. 9.

are conflicting views of baptism; some regarding it as the seal upon, and confession of, a precedent work of conversion by the Holy Spirit, and others as the door of admission into the Christian Church, wherein, as in a school, the Christian character will be formed and moulded. The Philippian jailer certainly underwent the briefest of all catechumenates.

Upon one crucial issue there is wide agreement; which is that the Church may not receive by baptism those for whose requisite Christian teaching and shepherding it can make no provision. This is in the majority of cases the decisive factor. The Methodist Episcopal Church, which in thirty years has received 350,000 of these people, thus sums up the present situation:

Baptized by our Church in India last year (*i.e.* 1914-15) . .	35,000
Refused baptism by our Church in India last year . . .	40,000
Waiting inquirers who have waited in vain	150,000
People who are beginning to turn towards Christ, say . . .	500,000
Total number of the caste in which the movement is taking place .	11,000,000

That is to say, in one year this Church refused baptism to 40,000 eligible persons, because they had not workers to train and shepherd them; not to speak of the masses of inquirers waiting to be taught.

Every year we are saying, " No, you shall not be

baptized; we cannot receive you into the Church of Christ; you must wait outside till we have teachers," to tens of thousands of seeking souls, knocking at the door for admission to the Church. "Why, every morning," said a missionary, "I know that I shall find men on my verandah from distant villages begging me to send them teachers. And I have to say 'No,' to all of them." How urgent a responsibility rests on the Church alike in Europe and in India!

This movement has spread through many parts of India. It is responsible for the increase of the Telugu Church from 19,000 in 1891 to 342,000 in 1911. It also explains the increase of the Indian Christians of the Panjab by 431 per cent in the last decade. And so it has come about that there are parts of India where, if a strange village comes in view, one is more likely to find a little chapel and a congregation than not.

Says the Bishop of Madras: "If only the Church will put forth her full powers and concentrate her energies on this great work, there is before her a splendid opportunity of building up within the next half-century from the poor and outcaste a strong, vigorous and progressive Christian Church of thirty or forty million people." The Church is in trust with a priceless heritage of life and truth, which it is her stewardship to communicate to all mankind, a heritage that belongs of equal right to all men living. Has she ever in her history had the opportunity of meeting so large a part of her obligation?

Apart altogether from the demand for workers

to teach the tens of thousands waiting for admission to the Church, two most urgent needs press heavily upon the missions at work in the mass movement areas. First comes the need of pastors and teachers to shepherd the masses already gathered in. The state of things that has sometimes been allowed to come about through paucity of workers can only be described as deplorable. The Bishop of Dornakal quotes the case of a congregation of over a hundred people who had been left to themselves for fifteen years after baptism. They had contracted non-Christian marriages, and the children were unbaptized. There are baptized persons who will answer the question, "Who is Jesus Christ?" with "How should I know?" Doubtless they were taught before baptism, but they have forgotten. Here are two quotations from mission reports: "There are more than 700 new disciples baptized during the year, for whom no teachers are ready. There are 400 villages (where Christians live) without a resident teacher, and 540 villages without a school."

One of the largest missions engaged in this work thus reports: "Even more urgent than the need for secular education is that of religious instruction. The greatest present need of inquirers and converts alike in our mass movement work is teaching and not exhortation; teaching—definite, clear cut and constructive. Unfortunately our workers to a man have formed the habit of always exhorting. . . . Then not a few of our workers believe the work done when the people are baptized. The teaching needed is of the most elementary

character and must be oft repeated to enable the dull of mind to grasp it." [1]

We pass to the second imperative requirement: education for our Christian boys and girls. The inclusion of masses of illiterate persons has robbed the Christian Church of the high position it once occupied in respect of education. It now stands fourth upon the list:—

Of 1,000	Parsis	711	can read and write a letter.
,,	Jains	275	,, ,, ,,
,,	Buddhists	229	,, ,, ,,
,,	Christians	217	,, ,, ,,
,,	Sikhs	67	,, ,, ,,
,,	Hindus	55	,, ,, ,,
,,	Musalmans	38	,, ,, ,,
,,	Animists	6	,, ,, ,,

Only 40 per cent. of Indian Christian children are attending school. But in respect of female education Christians stand second only to the Parsis.

Grave problems confront the Church in regard to the content as well as the extent of the education it gives. It is said that in some areas 75 per cent of those who pass through the village schools have to be classed as illiterate ten years later. Which suggests that perhaps the first need of all may be to discover a type of education which will really fit the requirements of the villager and produce permanent results.

The dangers of an illiterate Church are patent; and when that Church is altogether insufficiently

[1] For an interesting specimen of this simple teaching for mass-movement areas, see Appendix E, p. 246.

supplied with pastors, it is alarming. Yet of 300,000 Christians in the Telugu country, 88 per cent are illiterate. Says the report of the Methodist Episcopal Church: "The problem of secular education has been rendered most acute, and we face to-day the unparalleled situation of having 60,000 boys and girls in our Christian community for whose schooling we have no provision. Moreover, each year sees the situation grow worse; for we are now adding annually about 35,000 illiterate people to our community, while our educational facilities and equipment are almost at a standstill. *Between* 1896 *and* 1916 *we added barely* 1,000 *Christian boys to our schools while the Christian community increased by* 260,000. We have in our schools now only one-fifth as many boys in proportion to our whole community as we had twenty years ago, and the decrease in the proportion of girls in our schools during the same period has been 50 per cent."

To meet this vast demand for education the immediate requirement is greatly increased provision for the training of Christian teachers. This is beyond doubt the first new development called for in mass movement work. The establishment on a wide scale of Normal Schools under Christian leadership is perhaps the chief advance called for in missionary strategy, not only in order to supply the education so sorely needed in mass movement areas, but also in order to seize the unique opportunity afforded by the present demand for universal primary education. It would be difficult to conceive a more fruitful means for averting the peril

of secular education and for the carrying of the Christian message to the masses of India, than that the Church should take the largest possible place in the training of the thousands of elementary teachers who will now be required through the length and breadth of the Empire.

Possibly the most disastrous result of the present grievous under-manning of all the missions in mass movement areas is one that might very easily pass unnoticed; the reflex influence upon the missionaries in charge. Left responsible for the administration of a district with scores of churches, hundreds of workers, and thousands of Christians and inquirers, even "the most humble-minded missionary can hardly prevent himself from developing autocratic tendencies, while independence of character in the teachers finds no fruitful soil in which to grow. The teachers are strictly subordinate, not because the missionary wishes them to be, but because they never see how they could possibly be anything else. And with a large staff of these strictly subordinate helpers, it is difficult to maintain that healthy, human, sympathetic relation of friendship without which the most zealous industry will produce little result. The missionary's office tends to become a centre for the district, an office like that of a Government Collector, from which are issued orders which must be obeyed. The connection between the missionary and the teacher in an outlying village tends to become more official than religious."[1] And if the missionary lose the gentle freshness of the

[1] Phillips, *The Outcastes' Hope*, p. 104.

humble Christian spirit, his helpers are deprived of their most natural source of inspiration. There will be a downgrade in things spiritual right through the district. The life of every village Christian will suffer. The Church vitality will be low.

The evil resulting from the present understaffing of our missions shows itself also in the lack of the supervision which is needed when so many of the workers are hardly more than raw converts from the lowest classes. The isolation of such workers among heathen surroundings sometimes leads to moral disaster. A teacher takes to drink or something worse, or fails to hold his school each day, but marks the register. Only a little shrewdness is required to have the children in their places on the day the missionary inspects. The missionary will be there too seldom, and too short a time to discover how things are going. And meantime the neighbourhood is forming its own estimate of the worth of Christ from the official examples in the district.

But while in the early stages of the work everything seems to hinge on the directing missionary, its rapid extension inevitably throws an increasing measure of responsibility upon the Indian staff. The deficiency in the European missionary staff has thus its own compensation. The missionaries tend to pass to the background, and the bulk of the work is the work of Indians. The consequence is that these movements are "kept free from the Mā-bāp, or mother-and-father system, under which the congregation resigns itself to hang for

ever from its mother's breasts, which has been the curse of so many missions. . . . Such poor relief as was necessary had to be the work of the congregations; there was no help for it. . . . And the consequence has been that the confusion between a parish priest and a relieving officer has never had the chance to grow up. . . . The preparation of the candidates for baptism from beginning to end has been the work of the Indian brethren. . . . So you call up the elders of the congregation and place them, with the candidates, before the people. Then you say to them, 'John, Abraham, Isaiah, or what not, do you guarantee that all these persons are worthy to be admitted to the Church?' and according to their answers you baptize them or not."[1]

Take again the matter of Church discipline. No discipline or excommunication that is forced upon the congregation by the orders of the missionary takes real—and moral—effect. "So you require the congregation, through its elders and teacher, to apply for the enforcement of the Christian law. And if they do not, and if scandals go unchecked and the Church's witness to purity and honesty of life is befouled, in time the Mission takes away its teacher and withdraws from that congregation, leaving it to the way it has chosen, until such time as it shall repent and ask to be received into Christian fellowship again."[2]

And so in these areas circumstances often drive you to become that ideal kind of missionary who

[1] Hibbert Ware, *The East and The West*, 1915, pp. 204-5.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 205.

makes himself unnecessary! If the missionary is withdrawn, the Church will still go on.

VI. Results

And the results? Mass movements provide as many kinds of soil as the seed encountered in the parable of the Sower. And it needs to be remembered that even the good soil represents a terribly degraded level of human (sometimes scarcely human) living. Yet take the outcome in the mass, and there is small cause to fear the verdict. The testimony of all observers, including Hindu publicists and officials, to the social, moral and religious difference between the Christian and non-Christian villages of the same caste, is unhesitating and decisive. There is a remarkable, and indeed pathetic, instance of this in the appeal addressed by the non-Christian section of a large outcaste community, the Mahars, to Lord Crewe, then Secretary of State for India, "The kindly touch of the Christian religion elevates the Mahar at once and for ever, socially as well as politically." In many places it has been the manifest uplift in the condition of these people effected by Christianity that has been the most powerful motive drawing members of the higher castes to follow Jesus Christ.[1]

[1] See *Continuation Committee Conferences in Asia*, p. 123.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAKERS OF NEW INDIA

I. THE BIRTH OF NEW INDIA

> "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till it was all leavened."

NEW India was born in the year 1834. It was in that year that the barrier which down all the ages had confined the civilization of East and West to separate channels was cut through, and the vigorous thought-life of young Europe was allowed to pour its eager torrents into the placid river of Indian culture. What Alexander, Asoka and the Nestorian missionaries had failed to do was accomplished by Macaulay's educational Minute, decreeing that India was to receive through English education the science and the knowledge of the West. The Minute succeeded; for it was the registering of the persistent tendency of a civilization which has a Christian conscience to communicate its light to everyone.

"Never on this earth was a more momentous question discussed," says Seeley, the historian. He continues, "We were led to stand out boldly as civilizers and teachers. Macaulay's Minute remains the great landmark in the history of our

Empire considered as an institute of civilization. It marks the moment when we deliberately recognized that a function had devolved on us in Asia similar to that which Rome fulfilled in Europe." Modern India is the result. For the first time in her history India is being moulded by foreign invaders.

Old India was rudely jostled out of sleep. Renaissance, Reformation, Social upheaval, Industrial revolution were upon her all at once. Through the medium of English education she was plunged into the midstream of Western thought and progress. The very foundations of her ancient civilization began to rock and sway. Pillar after pillar in the edifice has come crashing down. Where is she to find bed-rock on which to build the more glorious temple of the India that is to be? It is no case for patch-work, for it is the foundations that are shaken. Radical reconstruction is called for. The material will be quarried from India's past; but the design must be inspired and regulated by a better *motif* than caste.

II. Reform Movements in Religion

Always, at every turn, India shows herself to be, before all else, religious. And so the first manifestation of the new influence was seen in the reformation of religion. Rām Mohan Roy (1772-1833), a Hindu with Muhammadan education who came later under the influence of Carey and his friends, was herald and forerunner of the new age. In 1820 he published a book called *The Principles of Jesus,*

the Guide to Peace and Happiness. In 1828 he founded the Brāhmo Samāj [1] (the Divine Society) which became a centre for earnest and progressive spirits in Calcutta. The ethics and the form of service were alike Christian. Congregational worship was a thing till then unknown in Hinduism. Idolatry and animal sacrifice were forbidden, and the abuse of other creeds. The theology was rather coldly deist. Rām Mohan prepared the way for Lord William Bentinck's abolition of *sati,* and eagerly encouraged Duff in the foundation of his English school. But he never gave up caste. He died at Bristol in 1833.

His successor Debendranath Tagore, a venerable and stately figure, father of the poet, was far less influenced by Christianity. Indeed Duff's success in winning converts from the highest families in Calcutta stung Tagore into determined opposition of the Christian propaganda. In 1857 the Brāhmo Samāj was joined by one who was destined to become its greatest prophet and the deepest spiritual force in modern India, Keshab Chandra Sen. Keshab was profoundly influenced by Christianity. He threw himself fervently into philanthropy and social reform. He rejected caste and advocated widow re-marriage. He gathered round him a circle of eager missionary-hearted Hindus, fired by the earnest desire to lead a pure and holy life of simplicity and hardship, and by a passion for helping mankind. How close he came to the heart of Christianity may be gathered from the following sentences

[1] For a statement of the principles of the Brāhmo Samāj, see Farquhar, *Modern Religious Movements in India*, p. 35.

culled from his public lectures in Calcutta. "Behold Christ cometh to us as an Asiatic . . . to fulfil and perfect that religion of communion for which India has been panting, as the heart panteth after the water brooks. Yes, after long centuries shall this communion be perfected in Christ. He is in you, even when you are unconscious of His presence. Even if your lips deny Christ, your hearts have secretly accepted Him. For Christ is the Light that lighteth every man. . . . I have found sweetness and joy unutterable in my master Jesus. . . . Christ, your friend, is walking through the streets of this country. . . . The bridegroom cometh. Let India be ready."[1] Similar utterances abound throughout his lectures.

Such a position inevitably brought cleavage. The more conservative and Hindu-minded seceded and formed the "Adi Brāhmo Samāj," which while rejecting *Karma* and Transmigration and the authority of the Vedas accepts caste and founds itself on an eclectic Hinduism of doubtful stability. But even Keshab, for all his fervour of devotion, proved himself deficient in character. The lure of an alliance with the princely house of Cooch Behar proved too strong for his loyalty to the rules prohibiting child marriage which he had himself introduced into his society. Keshab's fall produced another split. The majority constituted themselves into the Sādhāran Samāj; Keshab's own followers forming the "Church of the New Dispensation." In their loyalty to their leader, the latter committed themselves to a dangerous doctrine of their master's

[1] *Lectures in India*, pp. 388-392.

inspiration, which made him the all but divine channel of a new dispensation. "If Christ was the centre of His Dispensation, am I not the centre of this?"[1] said Keshab—words which are, however, immediately followed by a passage of most touching humility, in which he likens himself to the prodigal son and even to Judas. No one can read unmoved the utterances of this lovable and richly gifted spirit. The very inconsistencies of his thought, however perplexing, yet have the constant merit of brilliance and evident sincerity. He died listening to the story of Gethsemane in Bengali verse.

The Brāhmo Samāj to-day, in its three main divisions,[2] is the dominant religious influence among the upper classes of Bengal. Its membership is small: for formal admission to either of the two larger sections involves a renunciation of Hinduism and a measure of social ostracism. But its eclectic theism supplies the mould in which educated Bengal thinks. Its places of worship, its ministry, its services are on the Christian model. Keshab's section even has two sacraments. The growing tide of nationalism has produced a Hindu reaction in the Samāj. While evidence is constantly coming to the surface of the secret sway of Jesus in the hearts of these earnest men, Christ is much less prominent in the teaching and propaganda of the sect. A significant example of both tendencies came to the writer's knowledge the other day. A Brāhmo student was passing through a severe trial. A Brāhmo friend sent him the first verse of "Jesu, lover of my soul," but on second thoughts, put his

[1] *Lectures in India*, p. 449.

[2] See Appendix F, p. 249.

pen through the name of Jesus and wrote "God" instead. The alteration set the recipient thinking: "Who is this Jesus whose name can be replaced by God?" He is now a Christian missionary.

The Samāj is welcomed by many as a half-way house of emancipation from Hindu superstition which yet enables them to stand as nationalists against the aggressions of the foreign creed. Increasingly they seek to satisfy their souls on the poems and teaching of the Vaishnava [1] theists, whose modern representatives they are. They know not that the test by which they select their good grain is the fan of Christ, and that He alone can satisfy the aspirations Brāhmoism quickens in their hearts. The chief activities of the Samāj are in the direction of social service, where it gives a splendid lead. It is a congregation of cultured, devout and earnest souls, repelled from Christ by nationalist bias against Christianity, but drawn to the Master by the bonds of irresistible spiritual affinity. Its followers are singularly accessible to humble and unassuming friendship. There will be a rich harvest to be reaped when the Church shall have adorned itself in spirit with the beauty of its Master.

Of sterner stuff is the other great reforming movement of Northern India, the Arya Samāj. Its founder, Dayānanda Sarasvatī, was a man of vigorous habit and rugged character, trenchant, drastic, a born fighter. Iconoclast and fiery nationalist, he was out to slay whatever superstition stood self-condemned in the glare of modern civilization, but determined to keep enough of the old religion to

[1] See Chap. II., pp. 42-5.

furnish a national rallying ground against the inroads of foreign creeds. His enlightenment took place during a night vigil in a temple when he watched the mice moving up and down the legs of the helpless god. He set out on pilgrimage. In his long, stormy career of wandering and disputing with all sorts and conditions of men, the facts of life, as they stared him in the face in North India under the British Government, drove certain very modern and un-Hindu ideas into his mind with great force. Polytheism, idolatry, animal sacrifice, these were plainly impossible. And further, there was an undeniable value in certain Western practical inventions, *imprimis*, the railway and the telegraph. But his faith in *Karma*, transmigration and the sanctity of the cow remained undisturbed. He determined that the basis of reformed religion in India should be the Vedas, only it should be the Vedas translated and interpreted by himself. By amazing feats of exegetical violence and jugglery he expunged from the Vedas every trace of polytheism, and discovered there the clear prophecy of steam-engine and aeroplane. His *magnum opus*, the *Satyārth Prakāsh*, is the Samāj's authoritative exposition of the Vedas. The creed of the Samāj is comprehended in five dogmas. (i) There is one God only. (ii) The four Vedas are God's knowledge. (iii) The Vedas teach transmigration and *Karma*. (iv) Forgiveness is forever impossible. (v) Salvation is emancipation from transmigration.

The Arya Samāj is growing very rapidly in numbers. Its adherents now number a quarter of a million. During the last decade it increased at

the rate of 250 per cent. Its recruits are almost wholly from the ranks of orthodox Hinduism. It is split into two sections. One has a large college in Lahore, and the other a *Gurukula* near Hardwar. The *Gurukula* is a monastic school where 200 boys are being trained on ascetic lines to be preachers of the faith. Boys enter at the age of eight, and have to stay for a seventeen years' course without once going home. No woman may approach the *Gurukula*. The pupils wear the saffron dress of the religious orders and are under strictest supervision. It will be interesting to watch the effect when the first batch of this new order leaves the school.

The Arya Samāj, though timid and hesitating in its handling of questions of caste, is ardently devoted to philanthropy and social reform. Especially does it seek to counter Christian propaganda among the outcastes by admitting them to its membership. It attracts to its ranks the more progressive and fervent spirits among Hindu students in the Panjab and the United Provinces. In contact with its followers it is impossible not to feel the enthusiasm of a burning patriotism—a quality that has sometimes brought its members under suspicion of disloyalty. It is more difficult perhaps to catch the distinctive notes of personal religion. Everywhere it bitterly opposes Christianity. Nevertheless, like the Brāhmo Samāj, it too is a *praeparatio evangelica*. Both are storming the citadel of Hinduism, the Brahman supremacy. Both are calling out in their followers spiritual aspirations that Hinduism can never satisfy.

The history of both Samājes reveals a fact of high significance. Both have their home among the educated classes, and yet, as we get nearer our own day, both of them exhibit a strong tendency towards a Hindu reaction. One of the earliest leaders in this movement was Swāmi Vivekānanda, a young Bengali who represented Hinduism at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893. He made there a great impression, partly by exuberant eloquence, partly by his flowing Oriental robes of orange, but mainly by his unheard of and entirely original presentation of Hinduism. Said the *New York Herald*: "Vivekānanda is undoubtedly the greatest figure in the Parliament of Religions. After hearing him we feel how foolish it is to send missionaries to this learned nation." His doctrine is little more than philosophic monism, labelled Hinduism, with an allegorical justification ready for every Hindu superstition. All religions are good and true, therefore every man ought to remain in his own religion. God is impersonal, non-moral. The human soul is divine. "It is a sin, a libel on human nature to call you sinners, ye gods on earth." Idolatry is healthy and spiritual. Every particle of Hinduism is of value. India is the home of spirituality. The West is sunk in materialism.

Vivekānanda received several American and English disciples, notable among whom was Sister Nivedita, one who passionately loved India and its people. He was himself the disciple of a mystic called Rāmkrishna Paramhansa, who died in Calcutta in 1886, and who is now undergoing a rapid process of deification. Though a Bengali, his

influence has been chiefly felt in the South, which has been but little affected by the Brāhmo and Arya Samājes.

One lesson of supreme value Vivekānanda learned while in the West: the religious worth of philanthropic service. His followers to-day are ever to the fore in times of famine or pestilence. But the element in the Swāmi's teaching which has exercised by far the widest influence is his belauding of the spirituality and self-sufficiency of India, and his depreciation of all things Western as gross, material, selfish and sensual. Eagerly was this new gospel gulped down by Indian audiences. In one respect it acted as a timely tonic. Overwhelmed by the massiveness, the brilliance, the amazing fertility and efficiency of Western civilization, India was in danger of losing her self-respect, and of devouring everything that bore the single label "European." It was imperative for India's health that wholesale bolting should give place to discrimination and wise assimilation. She has learned that there is something in India worth standing for. Even retrograde nationalism in India is in large measure a reaction against Western commercialism and militarism.

But a process that might have been healthy received an altogether unwholesome impetus through the arrival in India of Mrs Besant and the reactionary movement she has inspired. It is difficult to know in what terms to characterize the course of theosophy in India. The temperate language proper to fair-minded description seems inadequate for a propaganda that throughout its history has been

tainted by fraud and immorality. Yet to sustain the dual charge thus brought against theosophy would require the elaborate examination of a mass of evidence altogether beyond the limits of the few pages permitted by the scope of the present chapter. A crushing exposure of the whole system, checked at each step by appeal to the Society's own documents, will be found in Chapter IV of Dr Farquhar's *Modern Religious Movements in India.* Detailed treatment is perhaps the less necessary here as the cult is in no sense an indigenous product of India. In refutation of Mrs Besant's reiterated statements to English audiences that a man may become a theosophist and yet remain a true Christian, it must suffice to quote here five of the twelve points in which Dr Farquhar shows theosophy to be at mortal issue with Christianity. (i) The Gospels are condemned as utterly unhistorical. (ii) Jesus and Christ are declared to be distinct persons. (iii) Neither Jesus nor Christ is the Son of God: they are both said to be mere men. (iv) The whole story of Jesus as given in the Gospels, and also by Tacitus, is made unhistorical, for he was not born under Augustus in the days of Herod the King, but a century earlier, in B.C. 105. He is said to be one of the Masters on earth now and to spend most of his time in the Lebanon. (v) It was another quite obscure fanatical preacher who was executed in Jerusalem about 30 A.D. It is more germane to the present purpose to point out that an adulation of things Indian which would be fulsome were it not so skilful is Mrs Besant's deepest influence on Indian religion. By the sway of a personality that is both

attractive and powerful, and by an eloquence that is always plausible she has brought it about that it is now an axiom with the educated Indian youth, beyond the reach of any but prejudiced question, that spiritual India has nothing to learn in religion from the materialistic West. But, wide as is Mrs Besant's influence, I do not remember to have talked with a single student who is a theosophist.

III. The Nationalist Movement

If, however, the earliest effects upon India of the imported Western education manifested themselves in religious reformation, things by no means stopped there. Normally Indian education is associated in our minds with unrest and nationalism and even anarchy and bombs. It could hardly be otherwise. Western education has brought the thinking classes of India into close and intimate contact with English political ideals. The study of Burke and Mill, of Bright and Spencer, of Gladstone and Morley can hardly fail to evoke discontent with the autocratic and patriarchal type of Indian administration.

It was Japan's victory over Russia that lit a beacon of new hope for all the East. The effect was instantaneous. One felt it immediately amongst one's students. A new dignity and self-respect, a new enterprise and hope inspired them. Up to that moment they had been listless, sluggish. But now all was changed. They were eager and alert. Any lecture on "character" would draw a crowded audience. They wanted only to know how they

could lift their country higher. Of course, the old motives reasserted themselves. The older generation were less moved. It was pathetic to watch the ardent idealist collapse under the pressure of domestic selfishness and the insistence that his higher education, expenditure on which had been in the nature of a family investment, must be used to forward the material interests of the family.

And then the difficulty of knowing what to do! What careers were open? There were the endless varieties of Government service. (India is the most socialistically governed state in the world. Everything—education, medicine, engineering, building, forestry—is Government service!) But that meant perpetual subordination. You could never live your own life for the country. There was law: that gave independence; but it only meant the passing of the poor man's money into the pockets of the rich. There was teaching: the best of all opportunities, but it was miserably paid. There was industry and commerce; but no gentleman ever did that. Besides, it was so very risky: and secured no pension. And everywhere the Englishman was on the top barring the way to everything. What could one do to serve one's country? Must not the Englishman be got out of the way? It would mean chaos, pandemonium, ten, twenty years of hell for India. But it was through rivers of blood that every nation made its way to freedom; and once the Englishman was gone, the best in India (or the strongest?) would come to the top. Careers and billets would be all for the sons of the soil. Indians would walk as free men in their own country.

No longer the hateful sense all day of slavery to the foreigner. People in India were selfish, timid; the call was for sacrifice, and for martyrs to lead the way. Revolution, bombs, assassination: horrid, hideous, beastly! But what other way was there? Once the police and the detectives were intimidated, the conspiracy could have free course, and the Englishman could no longer cope with it.

And then there was the education the Englishman was giving them. Liberty, democracy: was not that the ideal constantly belauded everywhere?—except for India! Mill, Bright, John Morley and the rest: did not all history show that a nation's glory lay in its march to freedom? Harmodius and Aristogiton, and the Athenian democracy; Cromwell; America's war of Independence; the French Republic; Mazzini; Garibaldi; the Russian Revolution; are not these what all the world admires? Would the Englishman be content to have the Germans ruling him, even though they gave him the most efficient government he had ever had? Did efficiency count most or freedom? As Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman once said: good government is no substitute for self-government.

And there was no one to show the Indian student any better way. They were sheep without a shepherd. The Moderates, the Congress party, abominated such doctrine. They wanted self-government of the colonial pattern, under British protection. But then their recipe for getting this was constitutional agitation, ceaseless criticism of Government and all its ways. They could not, without stultifying their whole policy, stand out now

as apologists of the Government, and tell these excited lads that, however the Press might attack Government in the game of politics, the British were their truest friends.

There is the pity of it. There is no Indian whom these boys really trust to stand up and give them a clear lead: to point out the long, weary road of education of the masses, of social reform and industrial reconstruction to be covered before the nation is ripe for freedom: to suggest to each that the education and sanitation of his village, or the improvement of municipal conditions present a call for sacrifice that will make a far bigger demand on character and perseverance and do far truer service to his country than a short and glorious procession to the gallows as a political assassin.

It is the call to sacrifice that appeals. (Does not this political phenomenon show the Church where she has failed in India?) And so it is from among the best spirits in our Colleges that anarchy finds its recruits. A veteran English missionary assured Sir Valentine Chirol "that in his large experience of Indian youths he had never met one of more exemplary character or higher ideals, nor one who seemed more incapable of committing such a crime, than the student who murdered Shams-ul-Alam, a police inspector, in Calcutta in 1909. The bag found in the possession of another student assassin contained a revolver, cartridges, and a Bible!"

The more sordid, selfish, sluggish sort think only of their bread and butter. They save their skins and fill their pockets and give the propaganda a wide berth. It is your idealist, your enthusiast, the man

with vision and with public spirit, who cares and who is prepared to suffer: he is the raw material for your revolutionary. Of course there is another quarry for the mere tools of the movement. They are made easiest from the moral degenerate, or the neurotic, visionary, highly-strung type of school boy. The pity of it!

It is the very few who actually become revolutionaries. The level-headed majority of students see bombs and anarchy are not the way. But they do not see clearly a better way, and they feel that the men who take that path are patriots, misguided heroes. So their sympathies are with them.

Very much the same is the case of the great mass of moderate, political opinion in India represented by such sane and statesmanlike leaders as the late Mr G. K. Gokhale. Their immediate goal is Indian self-government within the British Empire. This position has been stated recently with admirable clearness by the Maharaja of Bikanir.

IV. Great Britain and India

Enlightened self-interest is, and must be, the basis of Indian loyalty. The sentiment and emotion which form so large an element in the passionate attachment of Englishmen to their national institutions, an attachment resting on the heroic history of our own race and ancestry, is necessarily absent from the feelings of the educated Indian as he contemplates the power and benefits of the British Rāj. True, there is deeply embedded in the Indian heart an affectionate and all but religious

reverence for the person of the sovereign: an asset of whose value the enthusiasm evoked during the recent visit of their Majesties to India afforded striking vindication. But for the most part Indian loyalty depends on a calculated conviction that Indian interests are best served by the continuance of the British connection.

For the moment, all things Indian have about them the halo of a loyalty to Britain as utterly beyond all praise as it was unexpected, which has kept the country quiet throughout what might otherwise have been the mortal agony of the commonwealth.

Now, it may be true that the Indian army was not consulted about foreign service; it had to obey orders or mutiny. It may be true that the interests of the Indian princes are wrapped up with those of the British Rāj. It may be true that it is unreasonable to expect that an alien rule should awake in the hearts of the people of India that emotional enthusiasm which we ordinarily associate with the sentiment of loyalty; and that as a matter of fact there has been very little of such enthusiasm. It may even be true that, while a cold calculation of interest would incline India to desire an ultimate British victory, many would have secretly enjoyed a reverse on the way which would have humbled the arrogance of their proud rulers. And yet—in the moment of the Empire's deadly peril, and the rebels' supreme opportunity, India has shown quietly and unequivocally that she is of us and with us. There has been no talk, no bluster, for there has been no change to talk about: simply the silence of

continuance in a settled course. The war did not stop the anarchist conspiracy in Bengal and the Panjab, that too went on its former way. Indians do not love us and our haughty ways any better than before.[1] Educated India is still nationalist, and passionately desires liberty for self-expression. India for the Indians is still her goal. The war has only shown her more vividly than before that the one clear path to that goal lies in the co-operation of the freedom-loving British. She knows now with absolute conviction that her place is in the commonwealth. Outside it there is no security or path to freedom. So throughout the war there has been the quiet of instinctive agreement that nothing shall be done to weaken Britain in her time of need. And as the progress of events has made the issues clearer, India's conscience has come right over to our side. We have the immeasurable strength of her recognition that we stand for truth and liberty. India has not acted for reward, nor asks it. But we shall be traitors to the trust we have inspired if we do not respond with a new

[1] Here let me say that whenever I have come across a case of more than ordinary bitterness in an Indian, I have almost always discovered it to date from some rudeness experienced at the hands of an Englishman when travelling on the railway, or from some long wait standing outside a sahib's bungalow. (The English visitor is, of course, shown straight in.) An Indian in high place, a Harrow schoolboy and captain of football at Balliol, said to me, " I almost always now wear European dress, especially when travelling. For the rudeness I experience when in Indian dress makes me so mad that for days I hate the sight of every Englishman; till I remember friends at Harrow and at Oxford and remind myself that not all Englishmen are like this."

generosity to the evidence she has given of her trustworthiness.

As the Bishop of Madras has said: "The basis on which the British Government in India must rest in the future is the will of the Indian people. . . . The idea that we can ever maintain our government by force against the general will of the Indian people is unthinkable. . . . The present war is surely striking proof that the British Government can take its stand upon the will of the Indian people with perfect safety." An Indian Nationalist once exclaimed: "When you learn to sing, 'Britons never shall be masters,' then there will be an end of slavery."

And what of ourselves? Could we respect this people if they were not striving for liberty and self-government, if India for the Indians and India as high as it can be, were not their ideal? It is sympathy with these ideas that is needed to clear our vision as we seek to see the path to take so long as India's destinies are in our trust. If India could only be assured on the pledged word of the King-Emperor, that our eyes are set on the self-same goal of self-government and autonomy that she is seeking, and that when India's interests clash with Britain's the good of India shall have it, she would trust us all the way.

Our vision needs clearing, for the path is perplexing enough. There is the seemingly hopeless cleavage between Hindu and Muhammadan; the division of India between two rival religions of which one is in a permanent minority. There is the undying cleavage of caste and the tyranny of high caste

over low. There is the lack of a public opinion to control the educated minority who would rule: and without that control no rulers can ever be really trusted. There is the lack of public spirit and of the sense of responsibility, of public confidence and mutual trust, of disinterestedness and integrity of character. There is the all but certainty that the patient masses (our special trust) would suffer by the change. They at least are not clamouring for government by the educated classes. It needs to be remembered that only 10 per cent of the men in India and 1 per cent of the women can read and write, while the "educated classes," comprising those who have had a High School education, do not number more than a million and a half. And even within this select minority of educated persons there will need to be a considerable raising of the average level of administrative talent before the community can furnish a sufficient number of persons qualified by business ability for the task of governing India. Business capacity can be developed by commercial experience; but India is very slow to take that way, and until she can produce a company of Indians who could undertake the management of the railways of India, she is a long way from self-government. No, the time is not yet.

But are we utterly at one with India in working for the coming of that day? Then we shall have a steady aim in view, and it will be the same as that of the people of the land. There will be plenty of room for differences of opinion about the means, but there will be enough of mutual trust

to make co-operation possible. "If the day should ever come when England can say: 'By God's grace, through means of me, a broken nation has been made to stand upright, to take its place and hold it among the nations of the earth,' that would be an achievement beside which history could set no parallel."[1] And the secret of the way thereto is with those who know the power of the Christian gospel. Read through this paragraph again, and see whether Christianity is not the open road to all that India seeks for. Meantime, under the British Rāj, India has enjoyed peace, security, justice, and unity; growing enlightenment, steady expansion of wealth, population and resources, and a disinterested administration, in a measure greater than ever before in her history.

V. Effects of the Nationalist Movement

One of the most hopeful fruits of the nationalist movement is the new eagerness for social service. Here is a letter from one of my own students, a Musalman:

> "I am glad to say that during the first half of the vacation I did something better than reading. On my return I went to . . . a village some eleven miles away. That village is proverbially poor in sanitary conditions, almost every year suffering from malaria, cholera, and other bad diseases. My object in going to it was to talk to the villagers of the usefulness of quinine—the medicine, although the only antidote to malaria, people carefully avoid making use of. I thought two days would be sufficient for the purpose. I usually used to catch hold of eight or ten men either sitting in a house or under a tree, and in the

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[1] Edwyn Bevan, *What should our Attitude as Christians be to Indian Nationalism?*, p. 9.

course of the conversation about rural topics explain the powerful efficacy of the drug. Many have consented to try. What I discovered to my utter delight was this, that they would be quite frank with you if you only condescended to put aside your academic airs. They are very good fellows. One day when I was talking about the benefits of education, one elderly man, very emphatically and justly too, made the following remark which I shall never forget: 'Babu, we are poor, we must cultivate for our bread. Literary education makes boys hate manual labour. Just see the boys of our village. The son of our Mondal reads in the School. His father works so hard in the field, but he never breaks a *straw*. If our children after getting education (Primary) do not work with us, we shall certainly cease to live.' The statement is extremely funny, nevertheless true. On inquiry I learnt there were some five boys of that type. I then very strongly felt it to be my duty to stay a few days more and try if I could leave things better. From that day I began to work in the field along with the cultivators. You know our peasants are very fond of smoking their Hookas. I used to go to the field and relieve one man so that he could smoke. The offer that I made was never unwelcome. Sometimes many men would stand round the land to see me working at the plough. I enjoyed it so much. This I did in the morning. In the noon, I contrived to gather the school boys and spoke to them. They were very much impressed. In the afternoon I used to plant brinzal and other season plants, and water those already planted. After a day's experiment I saw some signs of change. Those boys gradually joined, and afterwards they hardly allowed me to do anything—they doing all. On the last day but one of my stay there, I was ploughing, and a thorn ran deep into my toe, which swelled and made me unable to walk. I took it to be a warning to return to my studies."

Night schools, co-operative banks, quinine campaigns, distribution of famine relief in the villages, lectures on sanitation, these are some of the ways in which patriotic zeal may and does find outlet. Often is one put to shame by the fact that, when some opportunity for social service arises, it is our Hindu students who see and seize it first of all. From us they learned the lesson—the Christian

gospel is admittedly the origin of this new spirit—but they have quickly got beyond their teachers.

Nothing is more significant of India's incorrigibly religious character than the extent to which the anarchic movement is steeped and soaked in religion. The *Bhagavad Gītā* has been selected as its text-book; because the opening address on the sacredness of caste-duty happens to be addressed to one who was a warrior by caste and so the prestige of caste can be invoked in behalf of the sacred duty of killing. Sedition in Bengal has found inspiration in the thirst of the goddess Kālī for bloody sacrifices. And everywhere the rallying cry is the defence of Hinduism. At all costs every patriot must cleave to that; for is it not the one thing that is supremely characteristic of India's national existence? Hinduism to-day is defended, not because it is true, but because it is Indian. The day following the baptism of three hundred Panchāmas in a South Indian city a few months ago, the following notice was placarded: "O, men of the Town! Did you hear what happened yesterday? The Christians have admitted three hundred Hindus to their religion on one occasion. The cause of this misfortune is the disrespect and indifference we show to the depressed classes. X will deliver a lecture about this thing in the Temple of Imardhana Swami . . . and at 5 P.M. in the Town Hall. All the people of the town who are patriotic about Hindu religion are invited to attend."

Thus it comes about that the new patriotism, while it gives the missionary immense leverage in showing how Christ alone can give India the char-

acter and inspiration that she needs, also raises formidable barriers to the acceptance of the Gospel. Among the educated classes in India Christianity starts with this handicap against it, that it is preached by those on the top instead of, as is its genius, working from the bottom upwards along lines of lowly service. The missionary labours under the odium of belonging to the caste of foreign rulers; and every influence of race and environment is for ever drawing him to slip into the bearing and attitude of a ruler; which does not make his message more acceptable. Christianity presents itself to the Indian as a foreign creed, the adoption of which is treason to his country. The whole propaganda is financed and run by foreigners; its churches, its methods, its services, even the names and clothes of its adherents, are foreign. This is a danger which in the past was insufficiently appreciated. Often the missionary was tempted to suppose that the best way to improve an Indian was to make him as like an Englishman as possible. In a speech of Keshab Chandra Sen, delivered in 1879, occur these words: "It seems that the Christ that has come to us is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him, and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence it is that the Hindu people shrink back. . . . When you bring Christ to us, bring him to us, not as a civilized European, but as an Asiatic ascetic, whose wealth is communion, and whose riches prayers." (He goes on to utter a warning against the false asceticism that prevails in India).[1]

[1] *Lectures in India*, pp. 363 and 390.

Next to the enmity of the human heart against God everywhere, there is no greater obstacle to the acceptance of Jesus Christ by educated India than the seeming foreignness of His religion. This repulsion has been intensified by the polemical attitude the Christian propaganda has assumed. When the chief impression we should have made upon the heart of India's people was that we had come as their friends and saviours, we appeared rather in the guise of enemies of their religion. Now there is terribly much in Hinduism in regard to which denunciation seems the only possible attitude to adopt. And yet attack labours under this constant disadvantage: it puts the people we would influence upon the defensive. How few of our own changes of opinion are due to those who have attacked us. Denunciation hardly ever succeeds except when a man is already persuaded of the evil of the thing denounced. A Hindu writes: "We have been unwilling to receive Christ into our hearts, but we alone are not responsible for this. . . . Christian missionaries have held out to us a Christ completely covered by their Christianity. Up to now their special efforts have been to defeat our religious doctrines by their religious doctrines, and therefore we have always been prepared to fight in order to self-defence. Men cannot judge when they are in a state of war. In the excitement of that intoxication, while intending to strike the Christians, we have struck Jesus Christ."

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the sympathetic and scholarly study of Hindu thought and literature by Christian missionaries. We should

surely be surprised if Hindu missionaries came to England and had never studied Christianity. When we remember how much of the usefulness of a mission-preacher in England depends on his intimate and sympathetic understanding of the corporate idiosyncrasies of the class he is addressing: when one remembers, too, the added barriers of race, religion and environment, that separate the English missionary from his Indian audience; it is extraordinary that we should have assumed that a man can ever preach a sermon of much use in an Indian bazaar until he has done his utmost by most careful study to master the religious prepossessions and aspirations of those he seeks to win. Not that he will use his knowledge of Hinduism to make comparisons: that only irritates. Nor to dwell on the good points of Hinduism: that breeds self-complacency. But he will know what his audience are longing for, and the aching voids that their religion leaves; and he will show how Christ is adequate just there.

There is one point at which Indian nationalism openly challenges our sincerity. Caste, as we have seen, was originally nothing but the colour-bar. Its organization represents the desperate efforts of the fair-skinned Aryans to preserve themselves from contamination by the blacker aborigines. The nationalist cannot comprehend the consistency of the Englishman who condemns caste in the Indian, only to condone the drawing of a rigid colour line in British colonies. Mr Andrews writes: "A Hindu gentleman of my acquaintance said to me: 'Do you not see what is happening? Mr —— is

pulling down your work faster than you can build it up. Every time he calls us "niggers," it is a blow dealt to your religion; for you teach us that caste is sinful, while you Christians are building up "white caste" of your own?'"

If we speak of the glaring injustice of the caste system by which the poor pariah is not allowed within thirty yards of the proud Brahman, lest even his shadow should defile, we are met with the answer: "What do we hear about Indians not being allowed to use the side-walks or tramcars in Johannesburg?"

Very often it is the inconsistencies of Christians that keep back the educated classes in India from accepting Christianity. Said a convert to Mr Andrews: "I had suffered so much, I had sustained myself with the hope that I should be welcomed with loving-kindness by my new Christian friends. . . . And so, in my ignorance, at first when I met an Englishman, I would go up to him and say: 'I am a Christian.' But I was received with cold looks and sometimes with abuse, and would be told to get out." It often seems to the Indian as though the only Englishmen who wished him to become a Christian are those who are paid for it.

VI. The Christian Opportunity in India

Indian nationalism is raising for us to-day another problem in the shape of the demand for a conscience-clause in missionary educational institutions.[1] The

[1] *i.e.*, a regulation giving parents the right to withdraw their children from Christian teaching in missionary schools receiving a Government grant, see *International Review of Missions*, January, 1917, and *The East and the West*, July, 1917.

arguments on both sides cannot be developed here. It must, however, be emphasized that there is growing agreement in India as to the unhealthiness of purely secular education, and the value not only for religion but for character and education of the definitely religious teaching of Christian schools and colleges. The deplorable effects on Indian character of an education that is destructive of religion are admitted on all sides. The destructive process is not the work of missionaries. Hinduism cannot survive the impact of modern knowledge and science. In giving India Western education, Britain has introduced into the country that which is inevitably the solvent of its ancient faiths. In a Government college, where there is no direct religious teaching, the jostling together of different creeds and castes, the reading of literature steeped in Christian thought, such as that of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle and Ruskin, and the study of modern sciences, set Hinduism rocking from its foundations. Withdraw every missionary from India, and you will only immeasurably accelerate the destructive process. The missionary is almost the only person who is able to do constructive work.

I was talking to an Indian Judge, a well-known writer on modern Hinduism. We had been speaking of " conversion " as the transition from seeking to finding. My friend was a learned and able disputant, and he knew that he had had the best of our long talk. So he felt kindly, and as I turned to leave, he said : " Well, after all there is not much difference between us. You Christians are converted

when you find God in Christ. We Hindus are converted when we find God in ourselves." "With this difference," I replied, "that in countries where Christ is known, conversions happen. I could take you to visit a hundred of my Christian friends in this city, Indian and English, and as you talked with them, you would gather just this impression of light and discovery and inspiration of which we have been speaking. Whereas my experience of Hindus, though small, is all of a kind. I do not know a single Hindu student who gives me the impression that he has found. From a College of a hundred students in England, each year a few, say, half-a-dozen, would pass out to give their lives to religious work. But from our Hostel of a hundred students here, never a one has left to devote his life to a religious cause; and that in spiritual India!" My friend's face fell, his tone dropped, and he said to me quite quietly: "You are perfectly right. I know many more Hindus than you: Aryas, Brāhmos, Theosophists, and Orthodox; and I don't know one who has found."

A year or two ago a Christian student of my acquaintance fell under the dominion of terrible sin. I introduced him to a devoted missionary friend. Within two months the lad returned, rescued and reformed, a new creation. A few months later I found a Hindu in yet more desperate case. It was no good telling him of Christ. He was uninterested, and there was no time to lose. So I went to the best Hindu I knew, a revered and honoured leader in a reforming Hindu sect. I told him of the two cases and I said: "Now can you tell me of a Hindu

saint or teacher to whom I can take this lad: a Hindu home, or institution, or influence, where there is good hope he may be reformed? I want him saved *this week*!" He shook his head. "What," I said, "can Hinduism do nothing for such a case?" "No," he sadly said. "Then what am I to do?" "Can you not take him to your chapel, pray with him, read the Bible with him, lend him the lives of Christian saints?" Hinduism's bankruptcy confessed!

So it comes that Christian devotional literature is eagerly devoured. The English magistrate of a civil district said to me two years ago: "The educated classes in this district will be Christian soon." I asked him what he meant. "Why," he said, "whenever I enter their homes, I find a Bible, and it is generally read." I could tell of Hindu homes where daily Evensong is read: of Hindu Colleges where the professors tell their students the Bible will help them more than any other book. The educated classes are saturated with Christian thought.

The Indian National Congress is an exclusively political body. Nine-tenths of its members are Hindu. Here is the prayer with which its services have recently been opened:—(in Christian England our political meetings do not always open with prayer!)

"O, Most Gracious God and Father, by whose Divine providence mankind is ruled and all things are made to work out His good ends, we thank Thee for enabling us, Thy unworthy servants, to assemble once more in this great city. We bless Thy Holy Name that Thou didst put into the hearts of our leaders, some of whom have now

departed this life, to establish this Congress, and didst grant them wisdom and ability to maintain and develop it in the face of manifold and vast difficulties. . . .

"We seek Thy blessing, O Heavenly Father, on the proceedings of the present session of our Congress. Give to the President and to all speakers the guidance of Thy Holy Spirit, so that nothing may be said or done here that is not in accordance with Thy Holy Will. Remove from us all ill-feeling, prejudice and uncharitableness, and fill our hearts with a genuine desire for the good of the country and its people, with unswerving loyalty to our rulers, and with good feelings towards all sections of the inhabitants of this land. . . . Enable those that bear rule in this land to realize their unique responsibilities, and help them to fulfil the sacred charge committed to them, so as to glorify Thy Name, and to benefit our people. . . . Pardon our many shortcomings, strengthen our infirmities, bless our labours, and bestow on us such a measure of success as Thou thinkest fit. Grant us the spirit of self-effacement and self-sacrifice, and accept our humble services to the glory of Thy Holy Name, and the good of our beloved motherland.—Amen."

Why do they not acknowledge Christ and come over to the Christian Church? For the reason given in a previous chapter. Hindus act, not as individuals, but as communities or castes. The cost of individual action is terrific. Baptism means expulsion from home and from society; the love of father, mother, wife and children turned to hate and curses. It means that the student, with his education incompleted, becomes a penniless and homeless wanderer in the streets. How many of us would pay that price for the confession of Christ Jesus?

I once overheard a conversation between two students. One, whom I knew to be earnest, was to my astonishment defending caste. His friend, too, was surprised and said: "Caste is the undoing of our country." "No," was the reply, "caste is

our last standing ground against Christianity. If it were not for caste, you know quite well three-quarters of the students in this Hostel would be Christian to-morrow."

The higher castes have not yet moved. They hate the notion of joining the foreigner's religion. Of very many it is probably true to say that they are intellectually convinced of the superiority of Christianity (though they have never even to themselves explicitly acknowledged that conviction), but that emotionally they are unimpressed by any presentation of Christianity that has yet been made to them. But the equilibrium is unstable. The centre of gravity is slowly shifting. When the break comes, there will be a landslide into the Church; and a people will be reborn in a day.

Is that missionary optimism? Hear the words of Keshab Chandra Sen:

> "Who rules India? What power is it which sways the destinies of India at the present moment? . . . It is not politics, it is not diplomacy that has laid a firm hold of the Indian heart. It is not the glittering bayonet nor the fiery cannon of the British army that can make our people loyal. . . . Armies never conquered the heart of a nation. . . . Gentlemen, we cannot deny that our hearts have been touched, conquered and subjugated by a superior power. That power . . . is Christ. It is Christ who rules British India, and not the British Government. England has sent out a tremendous moral force in the life and character of that mighty prophet, to conquer and hold this vast Empire. None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem, India; and Jesus shall have it."[1]

Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus!

[1] *Lectures in India*, pp. 360-1.

Chapter VIII

INDIA REBORN IN CHRIST

I. The Achievements of Indian Missions

There is a type of mind to which no facts are solid that cannot be expressed in figures: the business type of man who wants to know whether, in the name of common sense, missions are worth while, and how many missionaries it takes to make a convert. (If only he knew what different things you may mean by the term "convert!") Well, he can have his answer. At the present time we are baptizing in India at the rate of about 350 converts a day, or over 10,000 a month. There are twice as many converts each month as there are foreign missionaries in India. Here are some of the figures taken from the Government Census:

Year of Census.	Total of Persons (all Races) professing Christianity in India.	Increase per cent. of *Indian* Christians in the Decade.
1881	1,862,639	22 per cent.
1891	2,275,450	34 per cent.
1901	2,916,035	31 per cent.
1911	3,876,203[1]	34 per cent.

[1] Of these 3,579,770 are Indian.

Out of every 10,000 of the population of India, there were on an average:

	1891	1901	1911
Hindus . .	7,232	6,937	6,916
Musalmans . .	1,996	2,122	2,115
Christians . .	79	99	123
Other Religions .	693	842	846

And the rate of increase has been much more rapid in the six years that have elapsed since the last Census.

But the instructed missionary has his eye on something far deeper than mere figures. Counting of heads tells us nothing about hearts. And "the Lord looketh on the heart." Statistics were not in the mind of Jesus when He gave us the parable of the mustard seed. The conversion of an Indian St Paul would mean much more for the coming of the Kingdom of Christ in that land than the baptism of ten million of the ordinary sort. It is difficult to get away from figures: but let us remember, while we count, to weigh.

II. Where the Church Grows

It is of more significance to notice how and where the Church of Christ has taken root in India. There are eight areas in which the Church may be said to have anchored itself in the life of the district. First, the native states of Travancore and Cochin. Here the Syrian Churches have been planted for fifteen centuries more or less. Christianity has become indigenous. As you travel through the country there are churches on the right hand and on

the left. The Christian community in their clean white robes are everywhere in evidence. To them have been added through the agency of modern missions (C.M.S. and L.M.S.), more than 100,000 from among the low and outcaste tribes. It is remarkable that the majority of outcaste converts annually gathered in these States are the result of the work, not of missionaries or their agents, but of the people themselves. The Christians form a quarter of the entire population of the State of Travancore. The health of the Syrian Churches will largely depend on their success in overcoming the barriers to the real assimilation of this mass of "outcaste" Christians, on their recognition of their part and place in the fellowship and corporate life of the Church in India as a whole, and on the extent to which they devote themselves not to the enjoyment but to the communication of their Christian privileges. It is true of Churches as of individuals that "he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall save it."

Then there is the Portuguese Colony of Goa, almost a Christian country, ministered to by Roman Missions.

Eastward from Travancore lies the civil district of Tinnevelly, where the Anglican Missions have a well-established Church with over 100,000 members, and Christians form one-tenth of the population of the district, chiefly the result of mass movements. In one year, 1880, no fewer than 19,000 converts were added to the Church. The Church in Tinnevelly is interesting, because, nurtured on the Church Council system of Henry Venn, it

has, in the words of Richter, "made far and away the greatest advance towards becoming a self-supporting Church."[1] The affairs of the Church are managed by the Church Council, consisting of the Indian pastors and lay representatives of all the congregations, with a single foreign missionary as Chairman. In the greater part of the district the clergy are independent of any grant from the foreign Mission. This Church maintains an important and growing Mission in the Telugu country, under Bishop Azariah, the first Indian to be raised to the Anglican Episcopate, himself a member of the Tinnevelly Church. There is, however, one disquieting feature in its life. Its unity is grievously troubled by the cleavage between the two castes from which its membership is chiefly recruited, which many decades have not served to heal.

North of Madras lies the Telugu speaking area. In 1871 there were 19,000 Christians in this area. Forty years later, in 1911, their number had grown to 342,000. Nowhere in India is the Church's opportunity greater than in this field.

Up further north again, among the aborigines of the hills of Chota Nagpur and Santhālia, there has been a large ingathering, to which a pathetic interest at this time attaches. It is chiefly the fruit of the work of the German Lutheran Mission. There are a quarter of a million Christians in these hills, the home of a sturdy race of simple peasants, Mundas, Oraons and Santhāls. The end of the war will have grave issues in regard to the future of the large Lutheran Church, whose German missionaries

[1] Richter, *A History of Missions in India*, p. 432.

have been removed. The Anglican Mission is giving generous help meantime. Unless the crisis evokes in the Church the capacity for independence, serious questions of Church comity will arise.

Away in the north-east corner of India, among the virile tribesmen of the Assam hills, the Welsh Mission has had great success. There is a very vigorous Christian Church, which has recently experienced a remarkable movement resembling in its features the Welsh Revival. To the high character of the Khāsi Christians officials bear ungrudging testimony.

Turn westwards now to the neighbourhood of Delhi; and you arrive at the centre of a remarkable mass movement towards Christianity from amongst the depressed classes. The Methodist Episcopal Church claims to have nearly 300,000 Christians in this area alone, more than half of whom have been baptized in the past five years.

There is a similar movement among the Chūhras, or sweepers, of the Panjab. There are to-day nearly a quarter of a million Indian Christians in a Province where fifteen years ago there were only 35,000. Progress could hardly be more rapid.

Travancore, Goa, Tinnevelly, Telugu-land, Chota Nagpur, Assam, the country round Delhi, and the Panjab: these are the propagating centres of the Church in India. Yet great as has been the progress made, it needs to be remembered how small a fringe of India's teeming population has yet received the Gospel. One hundred and thirteen millions of the people of India live in districts[1] so

[1] District = civil administrative district, with an average population of a million people.

thinly staffed with missionaries and other workers that there is not even one Christian worker, Indian or English, to each 100,000 of the population. Again, the Mysore State is regarded as an "occupied" field. Yet the inquiries in connection with the Missionary Survey of India reveal the fact that 72 per cent. of its population have never been evangelized in any way.

In the Bengal area 21 millions live in 15 districts where there are no missionaries of any kind. The United Provinces are reckoned a well-staffed field; yet from the capital, Allahabad, you may travel along any of the eight main lines of railway for two and a half hours on an average, by express train, before you come to the nearest missionary, and all the time you are racing through country with a population of 427 to the square mile.

No, we may thank God for the progress that missions have made in India, and for the growing Indian Church. But let us not delude ourselves with the idea that the Gospel has been preached to India.

III. Characteristics of the Indian Church

Nevertheless the Indian Church is growing, and we have to consider the characteristics of this Indian Christianity. For a right appraisement it is essential to remember the pit out of which the Indian Church has been dug. Its membership is recruited largely from the aboriginal and outcaste classes of Indian Society. There could be no better tonic for drooping spirits than to carry through a

comparison between some section of the Christian community and the Hindu members of the caste from which the Christians originally came. The effect would be an immediate and unanswerable vindication of the transforming power of the Christian Gospel.

Everywhere[1] the Christians are a progressive community, characterized by new habits of cleanliness and self-respect. No ocular demonstration could be more complete than that afforded by the contrast between a group of Christian and a group of non-Christian women drawn from the same caste. An unmistakable neatness and dignity of bearing, a frankness and truthfulness of manner, a quiet strength and gladness of demeanour mark the Indian Christian woman everywhere. In respect of education there is simply no comparison. In any given caste the proportion of literate persons, as between Christians and non-Christians, will be no less than twenty to one. Everywhere Christians are go-ahead and enterprising. A Christian community is always a rising community. It has new standards of decency and comfort. It has ideas of social advancement from which the Hindu is debarred by caste. Inspired by a new hopefulness of outlook, it takes to new industries and business and thrives thereby. The wealth and social influence of Christians is rising rapidly. In every walk of life, professional or commercial or industrial,

[1] The following paragraphs contain general statements which admit of large qualification in particular cases, especially in regard to individuals and communities recently received into the Church.

you find Christians pushing their way to the top. On the benches of the College class-room, which the tyranny of caste has closed to all except the higher sections of Hindu society, you will find Christians whose fathers were outcastes. Everywhere the Brahman is being jostled and challenged by the Christian of quite humble origin. The Bishop of Madras, when presiding at the prize-giving of the C.E.Z.M. Girls' School at Ellore some years ago, found that there were about 300 children in the day school, nearly all of them the daughters of the high-caste Hindus and of the leading Muhammadans in the town, though almost every single teacher in the school was a Christian woman of outcaste origin.

They rise because they have force of character. Christianity has set a new value on personality. The individual counts. He has come to know himself a man. There is nothing human to which he may not hope to rise by merit. Religion, which so long barred the way up, now opens it. Hope, effort, enterprise are the natural results. Of course the effects of sudden emancipation are often disturbing. Pushfulness is not always attractive. There are qualities we like better than self-confidence. The Indian of humble origin whom religion has lifted to equality with the Western Christian has not always the manners which would naturally admit him to their society.

But these Christian communities of lowly origin, despised and self-despising yesterday, are to-day alive with hope and a new energy. There are literally hundreds of thousands of persons in India

to-day whom the Church has lifted from a condition of degradation almost lower than humanity to economic freedom, social self-respect, and religious manhood. The spirit of human brotherhood is abroad. Everything points to a future of unknown possibilities. Christ has come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.

There is no question but that Christianity gives a man a new trustworthiness and independence. On the whole, the Christian is a man who tells the truth. He gets on in business because he can be trusted and has a mind of his own. He is an individual, not a mere atom in a caste. A Christian lad is pretty sure of a steady way upwards in a business firm. And he wins it by force of character, for prestige and influence is all against him.

And if Christian ethic thus makes for vigour and integrity of character, the spirit of Christian piety is also evident. In the matter of attendance at daily service in church, England has nothing to show which can compare with the practice in Christian villages of Southern India. At one S.P.G. mission station in Tinnevelly, for instance, the daily evensong is attended by practically the whole Christian congregation. Some 700 men and women, boys and girls, gather in the dimly lighted village church when the day's work is done, every voice repeating every response in answer to the white-robed, bare-footed Indian priest who conducts the service. To watch the throng of worshippers crowding up to some central village church upon a Sunday is to receive an indelible impression of Indian piety. If you are fortunate enough to be present on the

occasion of the annual Harvest Festival, you will see a seemingly endless procession of women coming up to the altar rails with large baskets of grain upon their heads. Among the offerings will be a bullock or two and some poultry and a store of farm produce, whose sale will bring in a sum that would put to shame the contributions of a far wealthier English congregation. One realises in an Indian church that Holy Communion is the sacred meal of the Christian congregation, and not the luxury of the extra pious few. A village prayer meeting will extend far into the night. In a Christian home a betrothal, and every family event, is accompanied by a religious service. The Christian pastor with his court of elders (*panchāyat*) is called in to settle disputes concerning property, and to rebuke or punish offences of demeanour or morals. The occasion of the Bishop's visit is a gala day.

Already the Indian calendar has its roll of saints. Nilakantha Goreh, the austere scholar and ascetic; Krishna Mohan Banurji, statesman and theologian; Mathura Nāth Bose, gentle and devoted servant of the outcaste and forsaken; Imad-ud-din, learned champion of the faith; Kālī Charan Banurji, humble man of God, and honoured leader of Indian patriots; Pandita Ramabai, woman of faith, and dauntless pioneer in the rescue of India's tender daughters from a life of shame; N. V. Tilak, greatest of living Marāthi poets: this is no inglorious record for a hundred years of Indian Christianity. Yet it is but a selection of the better known from a host of those who shall one day shine forth in the Kingdom of their Father.

IV. Wherein have Indian Missions Failed?

And yet we have still to answer the question, how near has the missionary enterprise in India come to the discharge of its great function? That function is not uncertain. We have seen that it is the planting of the Church everywhere in such fashion that there may be in every land a Body in which God can dwell, and through which He may work all His will for the blessing of the nations, until they come to perfect manhood in Christ Jesus. Has the Church yet so taken root in India that missionaries may sail away?

Now one would have fancied that, in a country with India's genius for religion, her instinct for the spiritual, her hunger after God, her limitless capacity for sacrifice, her worship of poverty and gentleness, the Lord Jesus had only to be proclaimed, and India would fall prostrate at His feet. We should expect that the arrival of Christian missions would be followed by the speedy rise of an Oriental Church rich in the fruits of the Spirit. But the plain fact is, that India as a whole has not yet seen in Christianity the true Church of the true God.

And one great reason is not far to seek. With the exception of the ancient Syrian Churches of Malabar, there is not a Church in India which is not in large measure directed and financed by Europeans. The Church in Dornakal and Tinnevelly and the United Church of South India are partial exceptions. Of the greater part of the Church in India it is probably true to say that its existing structure and

organization would collapse were the foreign missionaries withdrawn; though in very many areas, thank God, the collapse would soon be followed by reconstruction upon an Indian model. But at present the property is owned in Europe or America; the buildings and ornaments are of Western pattern; the hymns and liturgies are mostly translations from our English services; the Councils and Synods are controlled by Europeans; the great mass of Indian Church workers are subordinate to foreign missionaries; the money comes chiefly from abroad; in education and Church work the methods follow Western models; the theology and literature is of foreign origin; the ultimate authority and the final appeal in Indian ecclesiastical concerns lie generally, not with the Church in India, but with Mission Committees and Church Boards in the other hemisphere. The Church is largely an exotic, and Indian Christianity therefore disappointingly uncreative. Almost everywhere the European rules.

We are a race of merchants with whom it is an axiom that he who pays the piper calls the tune. Probably no one thing so vitiates the healthy development of the Church in India as the paymaster relation in which missionaries generally stand to the great mass of Church workers. Almost everywhere the missionary pays and controls. Indian teachers and preachers are not his colleagues, but his paid subordinates. This poisons their relations. The effects are serious in many directions. Church work too often becomes mercenary. Little is done that is not paid for. The Church, while supplying the missionary with crowds of workers for his employ,

has little of the missionary spirit. Evangelization is made to seem the duty, not of the Church, but of the paid preacher. The sense of vocation often seems lamentably absent. Church work is a profession, a means of livelihood. The applicant for missionary service comes to offer his life to God. Too often it happens that in a few minutes he is discussing with you pay and prospects. Preaching and teaching are apt to become a measured task to be performed to the pleasing of the missionary employer, not the spontaneous enthusiasm of a soul alive with love for God and man. Relationships between the foreign missionary and the Indian Christian community are not seldom embittered. So many an Indian Christian household has its tale of unjust treatment of grandfather or uncle by his missionary employer; promotion refused here, dismissal there. And so it comes about that very few Indian Christians of the highest education are offering for missionary service. The prospect of perpetual subordination to a foreign missionary does not open up the career of influence and trust which will appeal to the best type of Indian Christian.[1]

Now much of this seems to be the all but inevitable outcome of the missionary situation in India in early days. We cannot help being foreigners, and the Christianity we impart must needs be British Christianity. The converts are mostly ignorant, with an heredity of degradation and oppression

[1] It needs to be stated that in this respect things have greatly mended of late years. In many parts of the country the way to the top is now right open, and proved Indian Christians are placed on terms of full equality with European workers.

that unfits them for leadership. They are out-casted, and therefore often penniless and dependent on the missionary. The missionary controls, not only because he supplies the finances, but because of sheer superiority in gifts of character, knowledge, and capacity for administration. This position of dominance accrues to him all the more easily because of the deference Indians are accustomed to show all members of the ruling race.

It is hard for the Englishman to stand by and see a thing badly done, which he could do much better himself. Yet only by tumbles will children learn to walk. Bishop Waller once said: "It is amazing that we missionaries should cling so zealously to the monopoly of all the mistakes." Efficiency is our bugbear. The educator's function is not to get a certain problem done right, or he might do it himself. His business is to get his class to do it. And does financing necessarily mean control? St Paul did not lay down conditions as to the use the Palestinian Church was to make of the money he brought them from the Gentile Churches. May not the English donors trust the Indian Church with the administration of the subsidy they send, even as at present they trust a missionary committee?

Of course the fear has been that of pauperization and the fostering of a habit of dependence. But the money gets eventually to the Indian Church (which is so far dependent), whoever administers it! The school-boy learns wisdom and independence by full control of the pocket-money given him.

You must take risks. Safeguarding generally means enfeeblement. A most well-intentioned but

arbitrary scheme to secure the independence of the Indian Church has had unforeseen and undesirable results. It has been widely ruled that, with a view to Indian independence, the edification of the Indian Church shall be left in Indian hands, the missionary restricting himself to the work of making converts. The result has been not only that the Indian Church has missed much of the rich nurture and inspiration that might have come to it from the inherited experience of Western Christianity, but also that it has tended to regard evangelization as the business of the foreign missionary and his employees, and has often formed a very selfish and self-contained conception of the Church's function. The Church is thought of as a great contrivance to minister benefits to its own members.

Plainly the mischief does not end within the confines of the Indian Church. There can be little doubt that in large measure it is true to say that India's religious soul has been disappointed with Western Christianity. Every instinct of the Indian soul would lead it to thrill in sympathetic response to one who could say, as Jesus did: "My Kingdom is not of this world." But Christianity presents itself in India as a very powerful institution managed by a large number of Western firms on business lines. Its methods are up-to-date, and very similar to those employed in the business of this world. Each missionary has his office from which he directs a large concern. He has dozens of Indian subordinates, and everyone is paid for his work.

Our study of India's religious history has revealed to us that she has an almost unlimited capacity and

admiration for sacrifice. Yet Christianity does not appear to the Hindu to take the way of renunciation. Partly no doubt this is due to the fact that conditions of health and climate make it impossible for the Englishman to compete with, or get near to, the Indian standard of "sacrifice"; which is the Sādhu whose keep probably does not cost eighteenpence a week. It seems almost inconceivable that the Western missionary's life should ever suggest sacrifice to an Indian mind. And yet it must somehow be possible to evoke from a people, who have shown the capacity for limitless and unmeasured sacrifice in the cause of their ancient religion, a willingness to give up all and to follow Christ. The convert does it every time. But to those within the Church Christianity seems too often to present itself as getting, and not giving.

It is impossible to move among the finer spirits of cultured Hinduism without feeling that many a wistful soul turns sadly away from Jesus Christ because we, His followers, whether British or Indian, are not spiritual enough to satisfy the Indian that we have got the real thing. Frankly, we do not seem to him "religious."[1] Prayer and communion with the world unseen are

[1] This is largely because of the Indian's false conception of religion. The Christian athlete is a peculiarly difficult conception to the Hindu mind. Most Hindus must have experienced a shock when for the first time they saw a reverend missionary appear in flannels on the tennis court. Shorts on the football field go far to shatter any reputation you may have acquired for holiness! The more does India need the Christian athlete, whose life shall be undeniably one of communion with God and reliance upon prayer.

not manifestly the mainspring of our life. The missionary appears in the garb of a busy worker and philanthropist; very efficient, but not very spiritual. The impression mostly created by our mission stations is that they are places where Christian work is done or organized and where Christian workers live. One fears that mission compounds, of which the dominant impression is that "this is a place where Christ is present, and where God is worshipped," are the exception rather than the rule. Doubtless we all pray, although we could all do with more prayer. What seems to count in India is a frankly spiritual attitude to every part of our work and life. Perhaps if we could be less reserved we might be more influential; but, above all, we have to be careful to let our prayer be without ceasing and to let Christ pervade every nook and corner of our daily life, so that His life cannot be hid.

While no life was more crowded than that of Jesus, none bore less the appearance of asceticism. Companionship with Him made it plain that prayer was the spring and source of all His busy life. By his own evident example He inspired His followers with the desire to pray. A manifest dependence upon the unseen for everything is the only religion that India will understand. A life of communion and fellowship with the unseen will never fail of recognition here. Missionary propaganda fails equally to attract the Hindu and to inspire the Indian Christian just in so far as it is not a movement manifestly dependent upon prayer. In India, if anywhere, must the missionary live a

life of prayer. Even our good works fail of much of their effect, because God is not manifestly the source of them. But the publicity of the Indian bungalow, and the early hours of life in the tropics are against the prayer habit. And then the work has to be done, and for all our resolution the praying gets crowded out. And so the work is barren.

Read again the sketches of a missionary's day given in an earlier chapter,[1] and you will understand the difficulties of the missionary and the acuteness of the practical problem that confronts him. Is it any wonder that his life so often fails to attract the pious Hindu or to inspire the Indian Church? Yet what else is to be done, until the Church at home sends out reinforcements on a scale of lavishness of which we have yet had no experience?

V. The Stumbling-Block of Christianity

On the other hand it cannot be too often insisted upon that not by any means all the fault of India's indifference to the Gospel lies with the missionary. India has had no lack of missionaries of saintly and devoted life. There is no more fatuous notion than that India is a spiritual land, only kept from accepting Christianity by the unspirituality of the Christian workers and their methods. The devil has not been idle all these ages. The deepest reason for the repulsion of Hinduism from the Christ's Gospel lies in the essential character of the two religions. There are certain fundamental positions where the Christian

[1] See pp. 139-146.

Gospel is at mortal issue with Brahmanical religion. Christianity stands for an individualism, a personal liberty and independence and freedom of conscience, which caste will not tolerate. The Hindu doctrine of renunciation bids man give up the world as evil. Christianity tells us the world is not evil, but the handiwork of God ; that it is not to be abandoned, but to be used. Even the much vaunted spirituality of the Vedantist tends to be merely a brooding over an abstract God who cannot speak to him, answer his prayers, or help him in any way, and he is absolutely without a thought of doing anything to help another man spiritually, intellectually, or physically. The medical missionary driving through the bazaar on his way to an eight hours' day at the hospital all through the hot weather passes a sadhu sitting in meditation by the roadside. In Indian opinion it is the sadhu, not the devoted doctor, who is the holy man.

It is not to be supposed that, had we a generation of missionaries who were the living exemplification of the spirit of simplicity and sacrifice and prayer, India would at once turn Christian. No. In India too, as elsewhere, the purest Christianity will experience the most bitter opposition. Besides the natural enmity of the human heart against God, there is that in the very spirit of Hinduism to which Christianity is essentially opposed. If Jesus were to appear in India to-day, He would be put to death, even as by the Jews on Calvary.

Again it needs to be remembered that nowhere in the world is there such imperative necessity as in India to give practical demonstration of the vital

connection between religious truth and morality, communion with God and life in the world, prayer and works. India's conception of religion has to be corrected. Few of our Lord's sayings are more difficult of assimilation by the Hindu than His utterance: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." The conviction of the unreality of the world and of the essential evil of existence vitiates all Hindu thinking. The Hindu code which regulates human relations in all spheres—and thus covers morality, society, law, business, economics, statecraft—is an old-world law, like the earlier forms of the Mosaic law. It has no connection with Hindu philosophy, and possesses no spiritual principles such as Christ has given us. Religion affords the Hindu official no absolute guide of conduct in his political administration; it gives the merchant no eternal standard for morality in business. The highest call of Hinduism summons the merchant or the official, not to righteous business or administration, but to retirement from the office and the state: not to Delhi or Calcutta, but to Rishikesh.[1]

India needs pre-eminently the social gospel, needs to see the higher spiritual life lived in the path of worldly duty. And therefore a godly Indian commonwealth is the goal no less of the Christian Church than of the British administration. It follows that a Church "which interprets the life of prayer to mean abstinence from all wholesome and God-ordained activities will not be able to build up the Christian community which is needed,

[1] See Chap. II., pp. 34-5.

nor furnish a religious basis to the new civilization of India." Young India, whether Christian or Hindu, has perceived this, and wants a religion which does not divorce what God has joined together—Ultimate Truth and Human Activity in a Real World.

VI. The Duty of the Missionary

We shall get light on this problem if we remind ourselves of the distinctive function of the missionary. His business is the planting and equipping of a Church which shall be the divine instrument of India's evangelization. The fact that there are now in India four million Christian people, suggests that the missionary's business is not so much to evangelize himself as to help to train the Indian Church thereto. His work is training and education, rather than evangelization. The further fact that the Church which is to undertake this task must be an indigenous, an Indian Church, suggests that the missionary's work is not government, but help and inspiration.

Education and inspiration! The inspiring and equipping of a truly Indian Church! "The supreme need," writes one who has been singularly successful in practising what he preaches, "is that we foreign missionaries shall so live that Indian Christians, even if only a few, may catch the infection and be filled with the life and teaching of our Lord; that we should thus train them to proclaim Him to their fellow-countrymen; that we should make this, and not direct work among the heathen, our

chief aim; that we should everywhere as soon as possible cease to pay religious teachers of any kind; and that we should wherever it is possible at once, and as soon as possible everywhere, withdraw the missionary societies from the control and financing of the Indian Church, letting missionaries remain as advisers, educators and trainers of men; so that the work of the Church may be as soon as possible in the hands of Indians, who have been filled with the life and principles of Christ."

The passage obviously has reference to the secondary stage of missionary work; to areas where the Church has been already planted. In mass movement districts where there is no Church—in the sense of a body of instructed Christians—the work has to be done by missionaries from without, whether they be Indian or European. But once there is a Church, however small, the missionary's role is to inspire: his work is training and counsel, not control. If, from the very start, the missionary takes up the position, not of administrator and paymaster, but of counsellor and friend, helping and training the infant Church to carry the burden of evangelization but never carrying it for them, not using them but letting them use him, there will be an Indian Church, missionary, spiritual and independent from the first, whose sphere of work will increase *pari passu* with its growing strength. In too many cases we have perhaps been greedy of quick results rather than of a healthy Church.

For the most part missions have proceeded on rather different lines; and it is ours to build on the foundation that has actually been laid. But there

are things which we can do which will make for healthy independence. We can withdraw from the payment of Indian workers, handing over a (perhaps diminishing) block grant to the Church. We can have the Indian Church, and not the foreign mission, control all work that is done by Indian agency. At every stage the foreign missionary can help and not direct. There are, however, considerable sections of the Indian Church which are approaching independence. The diocese of Dornakal under an Indian bishop is full of vigour and promise. The direction and an increasing proportion of the finances are Indian. In the Church of Tinnevelly the personnel and most of the money are Indian; and the Indian Missionary Society of Tinnevelly is responsible for a large mission in Dornakal diocese. The National Missionary Society, an interdenominational body, inspired, controlled, financed and manned by Indians, is steadily increasing the sphere of its labour. It maintains missions in five or six different parts of India.

Said an Indian Archdeacon to the writer: "If you were living in that bungalow as a simple missionary-hearted man of God, with no agents under your control or pay, and I were pastor here; should I not be asking you to preach each Sunday in my church? Would not the Indian preachers be wanting you to accompany them, or to help them in dealing with some specially interesting enquirer? Would not your time be filled up with directest missionary work all day? And if you were not a man of spiritual power—well, you would be left solitary in your bungalow, and would take the next

boat home. Your control of the purse string gives you a false position, and induces mercenary work. It burdens the spiritual man with a mass of organization; and it blinds the unspiritual man to his own barrenness. For by the power of the purse he keeps going a huge machinery of schools and preachers and out-stations, and never realizes it is but an empty shell. Your work is not to rule but to inspire."

The equally important matters of admission to the Church by baptism and of Church discipline should rightly be settled by the Church, and not by the missionary's order. Converts thrust upon the Church by outside order are not always welcome to the brotherhood, nor does the missionary always avoid mistakes. "I should like to see it accepted as a general principle that converts should be presented by members of the Church, and accepted by the Church, and baptized by the authority of the whole Church acting as a Church."[1] Similarly with discipline. The missionary's business is not to discipline individuals, but to educate the Church. Following the example of St Paul, he will urge, exhort, beseech the Church to do its duty, but he will never do the duty in the Church's stead. No excommunication will be effectual that does not represent the will and conscience of the Christian congregation.

And in opening up new districts the missionary can follow the apostolic model and in each place ordain to spiritual charge the actual spiritual leaders of the small community. He will give these ministers such regular or occasional instruction as

[1] Roland Allen, *Missionary Methods*, pp. 132-3.

is possible; and will count it his highest privilege and duty to train and prepare to be their successors in the ministry such persons as the Church shall duly choose. Nothing will more help to a truly independent Church than this.

The inspiration and education of the Indian Church! I think of a mission station in the jungle where are settled linked communities of English men and women. They have been there less than a score of years, and the material they have had to work upon could hardly have been less promising. The Brothers conduct a boarding school for village lads and a theological class for training Indian clergy. The Sisters manage girls' schools and a refuge home. In the centre of the grounds stands a glorious church. Round the edges live the white-robed, bare-footed brothers and sisters in mud-floored huts. The life is one of extreme simplicity, necessities being supplied from a common fund. And it is chiefly a life of prayer. Seven times a day the church bell calls to prayer. And it is rare indeed to pass the church at any time between and not see within the kneeling form of some member of the communities. You cannot live in the compound and not feel that Christ is present. Here are lives of fragrant service whose evident inspiration is communion with the unseen world. And so they inspire others. Out of their work there have sprung in these few years an Indian Brotherhood and an Indian Sisterhood, with a score of members all unsalaried, who, receiving food and clothing are therewith content.

Renunciation, spirituality: these have been India's

twin ideals. None who know India can doubt but that she will respond with an unparalleled enthusiasm to the call to the religious life, when the call is presented to her in a way she can understand. It is difficult for an Eastern to appreciate the sacrifice and devotion that underlie many an Englishman's life of strenuous and unremitting service. Yet English men and women who will come out and live in India lives of simplicity and prayer, of love and worship, may be the means of giving India that vision of the incarnate glory of the Son of God for which her soul has thirsted down the ages. They will certainly evoke in the Indian Church a lavishness of sacrifice and devotion which will give those words a new intensity of meaning to us of the colder West. Religious orders of measureless renunciation are indigenous in India. But the inherent taint of selfishness and of a false asceticism has polluted the ideal from the first. Christ will redeem India's ancient ideal from corruption and fill it with the glory of unselfish love. Then will India see the vision and fall down and worship Him.

This chapter has been written in vain unless it has made evident the insistent call that every missionary, married or unmarried, shall make it manifest by the place he gives to prayer that God is the source of all his works ; of all such works, that is, that are not sin.

India needs missionaries of every gift ; scholars and theologians to furnish India with a theology she can assimilate, that her own may be the fulness of both East and West ; statesmen to give counsel

from the inherited experience of the West in the moulding of the lineaments of the still plastic Church of India; prophets with vision to bring forth things new as well as old. The fact that three-quarters of India's Christians are illiterate reveals her need of Christian educationalists to train elementary teachers, to impart higher learning, and, above all, to train pastors and evangelists. For decades to come the Indian Church will need our aid in education, that her boys and girls may receive the rich inheritance of Western Christendom. In education there is a clear demand for the "Community." The cry of the submerged sixth in India for evangelists and teachers cannot be exaggerated. There are millions who are anxious for admission to the Christian Church, but whom we cannot teach. The unreached wild tribes of the frontier and the gentle women hidden behind the prison of the *pardah* afford a wide field for the medical missionary. In no country is the need for leaders in social reform more urgent than in India, where the social system, unilluminated by moral standards, crushes and never lifts.

India has room for the exercise of every kind of Christian gift. She needs more and yet more missionaries. She needs the Christian service of multitudes who will not be called "missionaries," but who, in the diverse tasks of everyday life, will serve Christ in India. Education, government, trade—soldiers, civil servants, merchants, wives—there is no end to the number of ways that open up to any one who wants to labour for the Kingdom of God among the people of India. But there is

one person India does not need; the masterful Englishman, who drives and rules; who has not the humility and vision to recognize that his mission is to serve the Indian Church; who is not prepared by the perpetual discipline of self-obliteration to decrease daily, that the Church of India may increase.

In India, of all lands, with its yawning gulf between creed and practice, the preacher's life must sustain and interpret each word of his message. India needs to see Christ as well as to hear about Him. There is just one type of missionary whom everywhere and always India needs; the simple Christian man or woman, who in a life of gentleness and patience, of lowly love and humble service, will unveil to her the beauty of Christ Jesus. So shall she hasten to lay at His feet the crown of India's worship.

What of the vast majority who can never go to India in any capacity at all? Is there no sphere of service for them? Surely there is service as vital as that of the missionary. Interesting others in India, its people, its problems, its hopes and perils; lending aid both of time and of money to the work of the missionary societies at home; befriending the Indians who come in hundreds to Britain as students; labouring for the redemption of our home civilization so that it may stand before the eyes of India as an example of the power and grace of Christ in the life of a nation: all this may be done by any man or woman on whose spirit the task is laid. But above all—and here all workers, whether at home or abroad, are one—there is the

duty, the privilege, and the joy of prayer, that India may be reborn in Christ.

India reborn in Christ! The earnestness of the millions of her pilgrims; the absorption of her mystics in the unseen but ever-present One; the unmeasured sacrifice of her ascetics; the other-worldliness of her true monks and friars; the contempt for material greatness and the things of sense beside the majesty of the spiritual and the things unseen; the indifference to food and comfort and all things earthly if only the things eternal can be assured; the worship that sees God everywhere and makes all life divine; the piety of the simple householder, for whom each act of daily life, each family event, is part of his religious life; the tireless aspiration away from this world in the search for God; the reverence for religious guide and teacher; the caring for the poor, the hospitality for every guest; the simplicity of life and the honourableness of poverty; above all, India's worship of GOODNESS; her sense of the strength of patience, the grandeur of gentleness, the nobility of meekness, the dignity of submissiveness, the glory of humility; this wealth of spiritual instinct, this fervour of religious passion, purged of all dross and lavished upon Him who only is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, the incarnate revelation of the eternal and invisible Godhead—what will it not mean for the fulness of His Body, for the completer manifestation of His glory, for the coming of His Kingdom and of peace on earth?

FOR THE
CHURCH'S APPROACH TO THE NATIONS

ALMIGHTY GOD, LORD OF THE NATIONS, WHO DIDST SEND THE ONLY BEGOTTEN OF THE FATHER TO BECOME THE SON OF MAN, THAT THROUGH HIS CROSS AND PASSION THE PEOPLES MIGHT BE REDEEMED TO THY GLORY, SEND FORTH THY CHURCH, WE BESEECH THEE, IN THE SPIRIT OF THE INCARNATION TO PROCLAIM THE MESSAGE OF THE CROSS. ENABLE US, IN HUMILITY AND LOWLINESS, IN POVERTY OF SPIRIT AND SIMPLICITY OF LIFE, IN LOVE AND HOPE AND PATIENCE, TO FOLLOW IN THE STEPS OF OUR MASTER, TAKING FORTH THE PRECIOUS FROM THE VILE, LOVING EVER AS HE LOVED. REMOVE FROM US UNDUE PRIDE OF CHURCH OR OF NATION, ALL DOMINANCE AND DESIRE TO RULE, ALL FAULTY IDEALS, ALL IMPOSITION ON OTHERS OF MERELY WESTERN FORMS; SO PURIFY US BY THY LOVE SHED ABROAD IN OUR HEARTS AND THY TRUTH STILL PROCEEDING FROM THEE, THAT WE MAY REVEAL THE SAVIOUR OF MANKIND TO THE MEN OF THE EAST AS HE REVEALED THEE TO THE WORLD. FOR THEIR SAKES ENABLE US TO SANCTIFY OURSELVES, THAT THROUGH OUR DECREASE IN PRE-EMINENCE THEY MAY INCREASE IN KNOWLEDGE OF THEE. HEAR AND ANSWER US AS WE PRESENT THESE PETITIONS TO THEE

IN THE NAME OF HIM WHO EMPTIED HIMSELF
AND FOR OUR SAKES BECAME POOR,
JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.
AMEN.

APPENDICES

A. To Chapter II., Page 45

" Trees and bushes and creatures of the wilderness are my friends, the birds encourage me by their sweet warblings. This pleasure heightens my delight in solitude; neither the faults nor the virtues of men affect me; the sky is my canopy, the earth my bed, there my spirit finds pleasure and diversion. A ragged cloak and gourd serve the purposes of the body; the wind tells me the time of day. The preaching of Hari (Krishna) will afford me a dinner of choice dishes, I will prepare many kinds of them and eat them heartily. Tuka says: I shall converse with my mind, I shall talk to myself about myself."

TUKĀRĀM, 1584.

" We pretend to possess the source of all happiness, but we have no bread to eat. We talk as though we had pillows and bedding, but we have not a loin-cloth to put on. If you ask us, we tell you we live in heaven, but we have no dwelling of our own place. Tuka says: We are lords of the three worlds, but we cannot give anyone what he needs."

TUKĀRĀM, 896.

B. To Chapter III., Page 74

THE FOUR NOBLE TRUTHS[1]

The Existence of Pain.—All is suffering.

The Cause of Pain.—This suffering springs from desire, egoistic longing for sensual pleasure on earth, or for pleasure in a heaven, or for personal annihilation, etc.

The Cessation of Pain.—Get rid of the desire and the infatuation, and you will cease to suffer.

The Way of Escape.—The Eightfold Path sketched below.

[1] From Saunders, *Buddhist Ideals*, p. 28.

C. To Chapter III., Page 74

THE NOBLE EIGHTFOLD PATH[1]

Sammādiṭṭhi.—Right acceptance of the Four Noble Truths, of the law of Karma, etc.

Sammā Sankappo.—Right aspirations—feelings of compassion, benevolence, etc.

Sammā Vācā.—Right speech—damaging no man but rather producing concord and kindliness.

Sammā Kammanto.—Right action—abstaining from killing, stealing, impurity, etc.

Sammā Ajivo.—Right means of livelihood—not making money by harmful means; *e.g.* traffic in slaves, or drink, or weapons of war.

Sammā Vāyāmo.—Right effort—mental energy both to inhibit evil and to generate good in the mind.

Sammā Sati.—Right mindfulness—wakefulness of the mind or awareness of the constituents of sensation and of ideation, etc.

Sammā Samādhi.—Right contemplation—serenity of mind arising from practice of the various modes of mind-culture prescribed. From this practice arises power of seeing into the remote past, reading the thoughts of gods and men, working miracles, etc.

D. To Chapter III., Page 96

" Every theory of the universe includes judgments on the relative value or worthlessness of objects, and thereby secures an influence on our practical conduct. Every philosophical system, therefore, has its ethical side, and it is precisely this side to which our feeling attaches so great importance that we are inclined to estimate the value of a philosophical theory of the universe by the ethical consequences which have resulted or may be derived from it. We allow ourselves to be guided in these matters by the old adage: " By their fruits ye shall know them." Even

[1] From Saunders, *Buddhist Ideals*, p. 27.

this saying, however, cannot be taken without limitation. For to continue the illustration employed by Jesus, it may happen that a tree is good, and yet bears no, or no good, fruit—*possibly because its blossoms are prematurely touched by the cold breath of the knowledge of the truth.*[1]

This may, in fact, have been the case in India. Eternal philosophical truth has seldom found more decisive and striking expression than in the doctrine of the emancipating knowledge of the ātmā (Brahma). And yet this knowledge may be compared to that icy-cold breath which checks every development and benumbs all life. . . . When the knowledge of the ātmā has been gained *every action, and therefore every moral action also, has been deprived of meaning.*" [1]

DEUSSEN, *Philosophy of the Upanishads*, pp. 361-2.

E. TO CHAPTER VI., PAGE 176

"ZARURI TALIM"

ESSENTIAL TEACHING FOR MASS MOVEMENT WORK

After months of experience in teaching those who are coming *en masse* into the Christian Church from the age-long illiteracy and oppression of "The Depressed Classes," the conviction has been forced upon several that, while there is ample material for religious instruction in schools of all kinds, there is nothing sufficiently simple and brief that we can put into the hands of the ordinary village worker, saying, "Go teach this to your people."

After much prayer and careful thought by a group of workers, both Indian and English, actually in this work, the following—*Zaruri Talim* (essential teaching)—has been evolved as *the irreducible minimum of teaching* that we may with confidence expect to be learned by our own converts and inquirers from the Mass Movement during their first year in connection with the Christian Church. Most of this material has been forged in the fires of personal experience in the work—so has been tested.

It is not intended that *Zaruri Talim* should be used for

[1] The italics are mine.—W. E. S. H.

any other work, nor that it should be all that will be taught "these little ones." Indeed, we hope soon to see something in advance of *Zaruri Talim*, yet brief, simple, practical, and direct, produced for *chaudhri* teaching.

Zaruri Talim is sent forth with prayer and in hope that it may help in fulfilling the Master's "Feed my lambs."

J. T. ROBERTSON,
for "Zaruri Talim" Committee.

BULANDSHAHR, U.P.
August 1914.

1. *Q.*—Who are you?
A.—I am a Christian.
2. *Q.* —What is a Christian?
A.—One who obeys Jesus Christ.
3. *Q.*—Who is Jesus Christ?
A.—Jesus Christ is the Son of God and our Saviour.
4. *Q.*—What did Jesus Christ do to save us?
A.—He gave His life for us.
5. *Q.*—What is salvation?
A.—Salvation is a deliverance from sin and its punishment and becoming a child of God.
6. *Q.*—What are the results of salvation?
A.—Union and communion with God in this life and afterwards heaven.
7. *Q.*—What is sin?
A.—Sin is the breaking of God's Commandments.
8. *Q.*—What are the results of sin?
A.—Separation from God in this life and afterwards hell.
9. *Q.*—What are God's Commandments?
A.—God's Commandments are—(here teach the Ten Commandments in abbreviated form).
10. *Q.*—How is salvation obtained?
A.—Salvation is obtained by repentance for sin and faith in Jesus Christ.
11. *Q.*—What is true repentance?
A.—True repentance is confession and forsaking of all sin.

12. *Q.*—What are the results of true repentance ?
A.—The results of true repentance are pardon of all sin and a new life in Jesus Christ.

13. *Q.*—How can the power for this new life be obtained ?
A.—It is obtained by prayer in the name of Jesus Christ and the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit.

14. *Q.*—What is the work of the Holy Spirit ?
A.—(1) To convict of sin.
(2) To reveal the Lord Jesus Christ.
(3) To enable us to live a holy life.

15. *Q.*—How may we be filled with the Holy Spirit ?
A.—(1) By giving our body, heart, and wealth to God.
(2) By asking for Him in the name of Jesus Christ.
(3) By taking Him in faith.

16. *Q.*—How should we pray ?
A.—(1) Extempore (for example) :
O God, forgive my sins ; abide with me all day and save me from sin ; bless my family ; bless my village to-day and the whole Christian community also. For all thy blessings I thank Thee, O Lord. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.
(2) As Jesus Christ taught. (Here teach the Lord's Prayer.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (ABRIDGED FORM)

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make or worship any image.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
5. Honour thy father and thy mother.
6. Thou shalt do no murder.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
10. Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbour's.

F. To Chapter VII., Page 186

CHART[1] REPRESENTING THE DOCTRINES OF THE MAIN DIVISIONS OF THE BRĀHMO SAMĀJ

1. God is a personal being with sublime moral attributes.
2. God has never become incarnate.
3. God hears and answers prayer.
4. God is to be worshipped only in spiritual ways. Men of all castes and races may worship God acceptably.
5. Repentance and cessation from sin is the only way to forgiveness and salvation.
6. Nature and intuition are the sources of knowledge of God. No book is authoritative.
7. God is the Father of men, and all men are brothers.
8. The soul is immortal, and its progress eternal.
9. God rewards virtue and punishes sin. His punishments are remedial and not eternal.
10. God is a Trinity in Unity—Father, Son and Spirit. God is Mother as well as Father.
11. Brāhmoism is the universal religion, the Brāhmo Samāj is God's latest dispensation, and the missionaries are his apostles.
12. Knowledge of God comes through inspired men, as well as through nature and intuition. He reveals His will on occasion to His servants by command (*adesh*).

Creed of the Adi Samāj (1–6)
Creed of the Sādhāran Samāj (1–9)
Creed of the New Dispensation Samāj (1–12)

[1] With acknowledgments to Dr J. N. Farquhar.

BIBLIOGRAPHY[1]

The following is a brief list of books chosen for their direct bearing upon the subject matter of the text-book. Those who desire a full list of books on India and Indian Missions are referred to the *Bibliography for Missionary Students* (price 1/– net), issued by the Board of Study for the Preparation of Missionaries.

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[1] The prices quoted in the Bibliography are taken from the September 1917 catalogues. Owing to war conditions they are liable to some variation.

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INDEX